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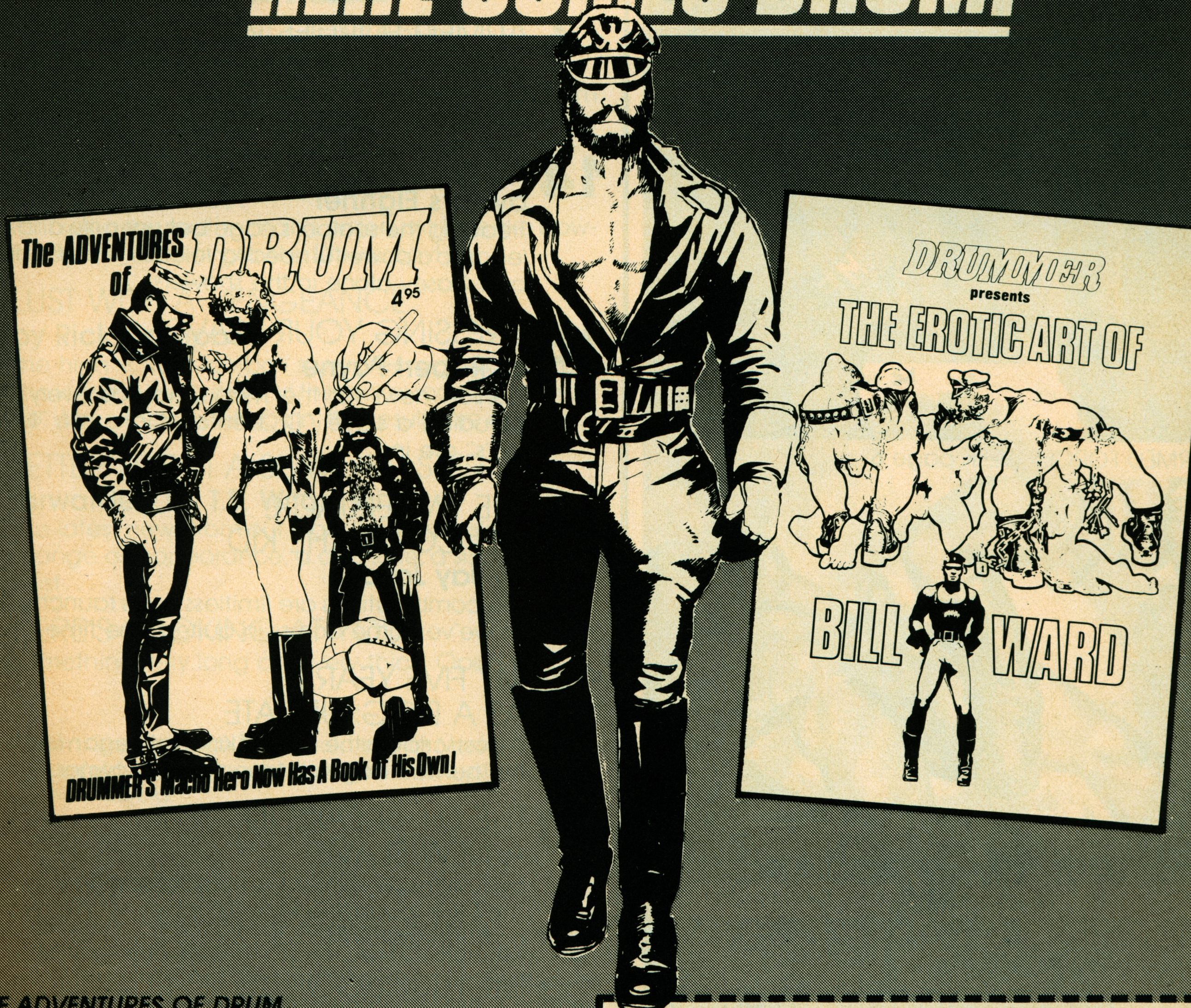

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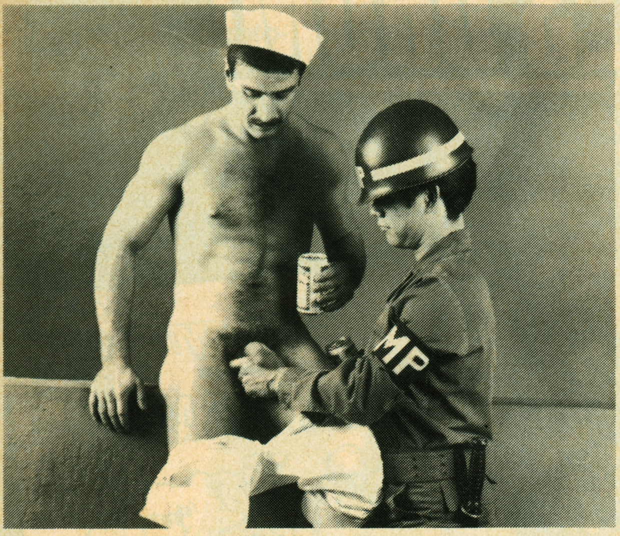
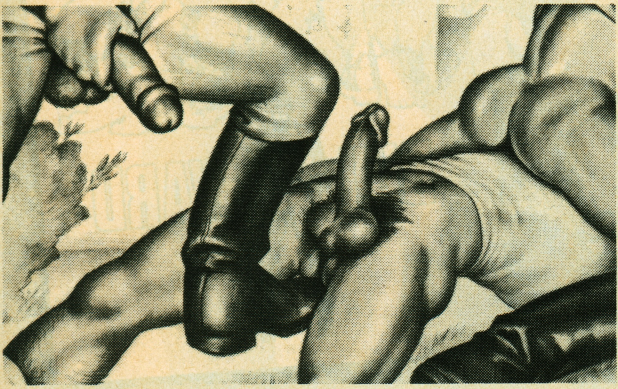
MACH QUARTERLY

VOLUME THREE
NUMBER SEVEN



ARMED FORCES WEEK page **6**



THE TIMBERJACK. . .page **24**

THIS'LL STING A BIT!

HOT RIVETS page **40**

6 ARMED FORCES WEEK

A salute to our men in uniform! A sailor on shore leave and a horny MP—after a hard day serving Uncle Sam, these guys are ready to service each other!

14 BLOOD & GUTS

by Lars Eighner

Treading the scalpel's edge between life and death leads to a powerful need for release. Imagine Kildare and Casey alone in the showers. . .

18 DRESSING YOUR SLAVE

by Robert Payne

Fashion news for the man who has everything—including a slave. "Dr. Denton's" are out; "Mr. Benson's" are in. . .

24 THE TIMBERJACK, THE COP & THE KID

by Jay Joyce

The combinations are limitless. . . As raunchy a story as we've come across in quite some time.

29 MY FIVE YEARS AS A DOG: UPDATE

A postscript to the story of Kai that began last issue—the human dog has found a new owner.

30 THE D.I. BREAKS IN A NEW SLAVE

Exclusive scenes from a training session in progress. The D.I. is rough, the recruit is ready. With a dynamite color centerfold!

39 NIGHTSCHOOL

by Auggie Camelli

Some vice in verse, or vice versa . . . For those who like their hot wax and recycled beer in a steady rhythm.

40 HOT RIVETS

by Joe Allen Hong

Warning: blue collar cartoon feature under construction—watch out for those massive beams and greasy girders.

47 NOT A CASTRATION STORY

by Jan Toledo

Turning a slave into a eunuch may be going too far—but that doesn't mean there aren't other possibilities for making some permanent alterations.

If you've got what it takes to turn on the MACH man, then we want to see it. Photographers, artists and writers who understand the MACH attitude are invited to display their wares in the pages of the hottest men's magazine around. Let us look at your portfolio, read your fiction and take a gander at your physique. When they see you in MACH, they'll know you are strictly top of the line man's fantasy. Send submission to: MACH, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107.

51 A MEASUREMENT OF WASTE
by Tim Barrus
Sexual slavery isn't necessarily a matter of a bottom in chains. A story of possession, obsession, and attempted escape...

54 ON YER KNEES!
Following this leatherman's orders is a little like bowing to the laws of gravity. Down, boy!

62 LUST WITH A VENGEANCE
by Rick Campbell
The high school football stud grew up to be a cop. The kid who hung around the locker room just—grew up. When they meet again, the results are explosive!

68 LETTER FROM A SLAVE MASTER
forwarded by T.R. Witomski
The latest news from our globetrotting taskmaster: a strange disappearance, a dog's life, a supernatural twist...

70 HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU!
Something very long and very thick. Open wide!

Cover: Close enough to... Photo by Jim Moss.
Centerfold: The D.I. gets down to business! Photo by Nathan Garcia.

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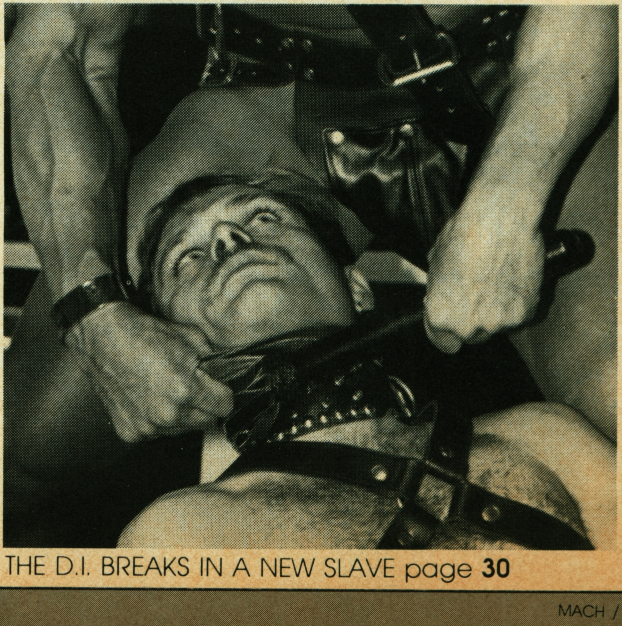
ON YER KNEES! page **54**

A MEASUREMENT OF WASTE page **51**



THE D.I. BREAKS IN A NEW SLAVE page **30**

ARMED FORCES WEEK

Post-Genada and pre-Lebanon (somewhere between Big Pine II and Big Pine III), the Navy let the Marines know that ferrying them form one non-invasion to another was worthy of some kind of reward. Marines being the accommodating studs they are, offered to celebrate Armed Forces Week a little differently this year: a little head, a little dick, some ass-pounding, some ball-slapping; in short, just about anything the Navy could think of. The Navy, on the other hand, wanted to try on the Marines uniforms. Anything you want, Sailor!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JIM WIGLER

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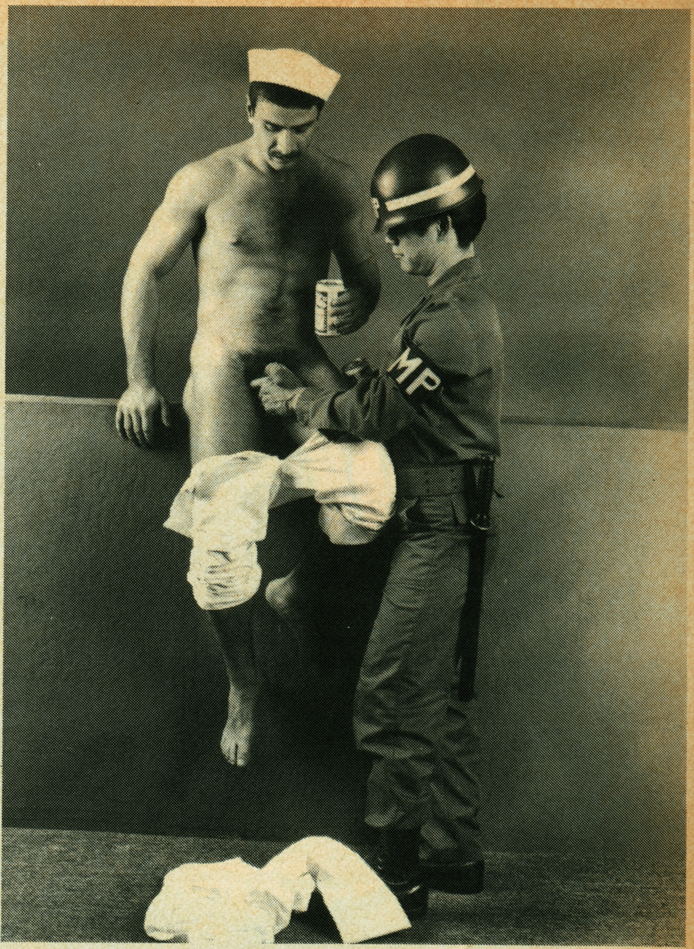
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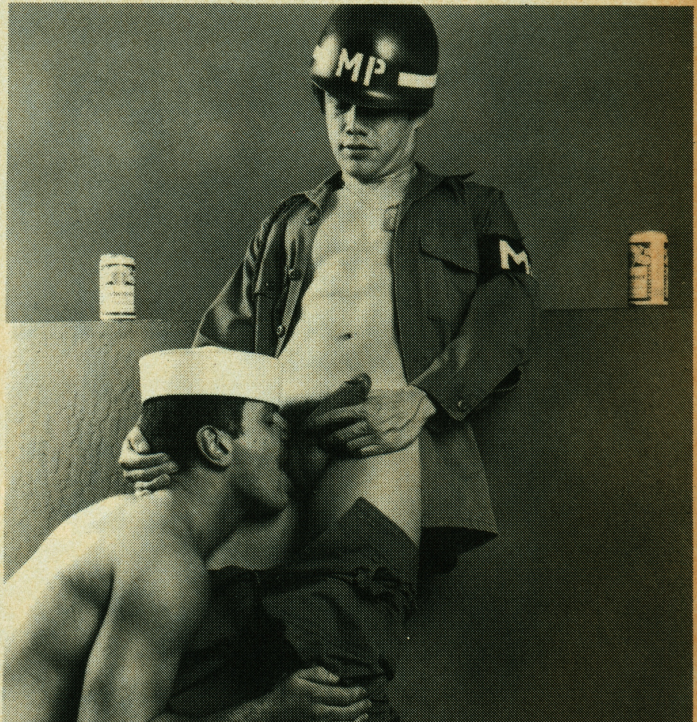
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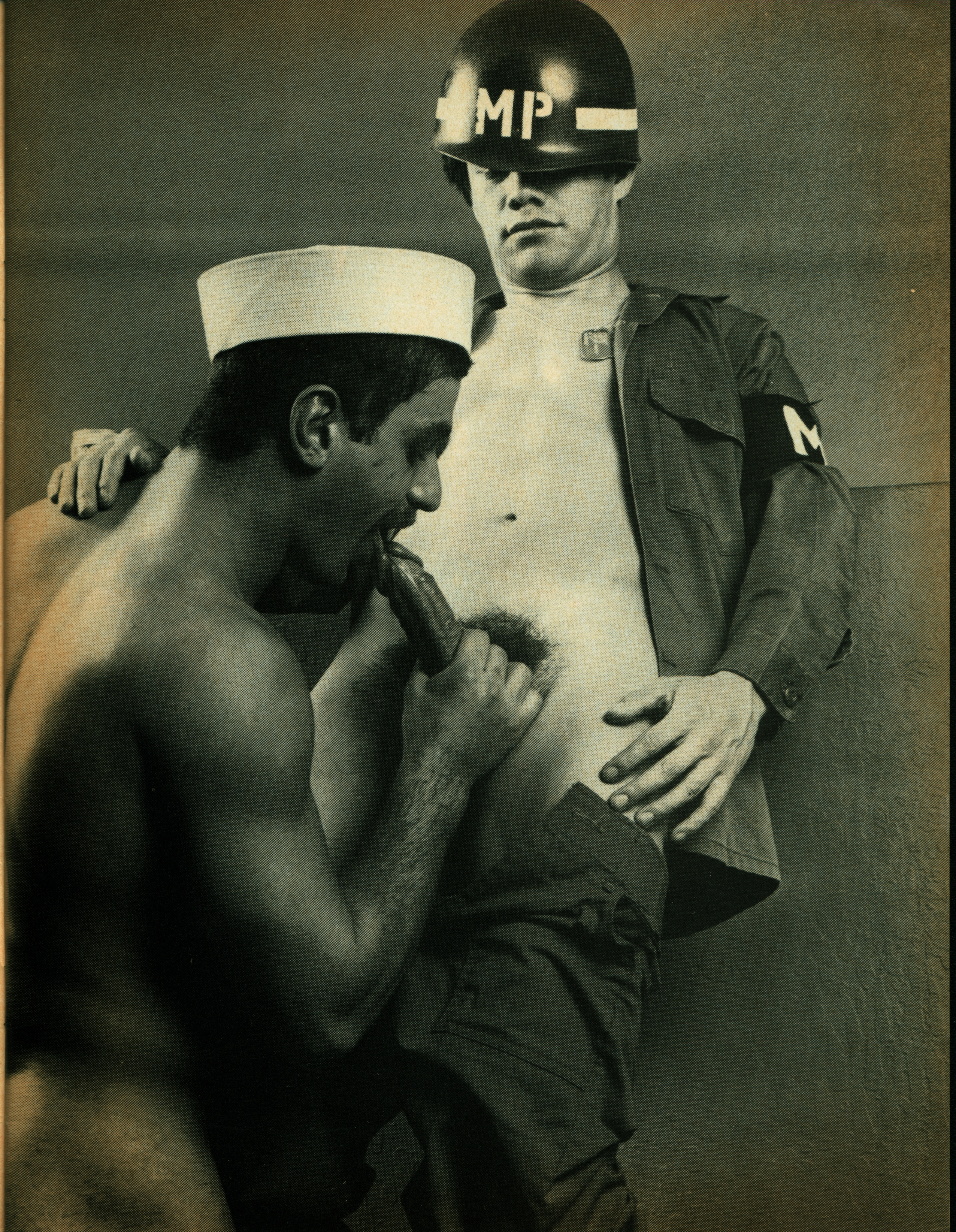
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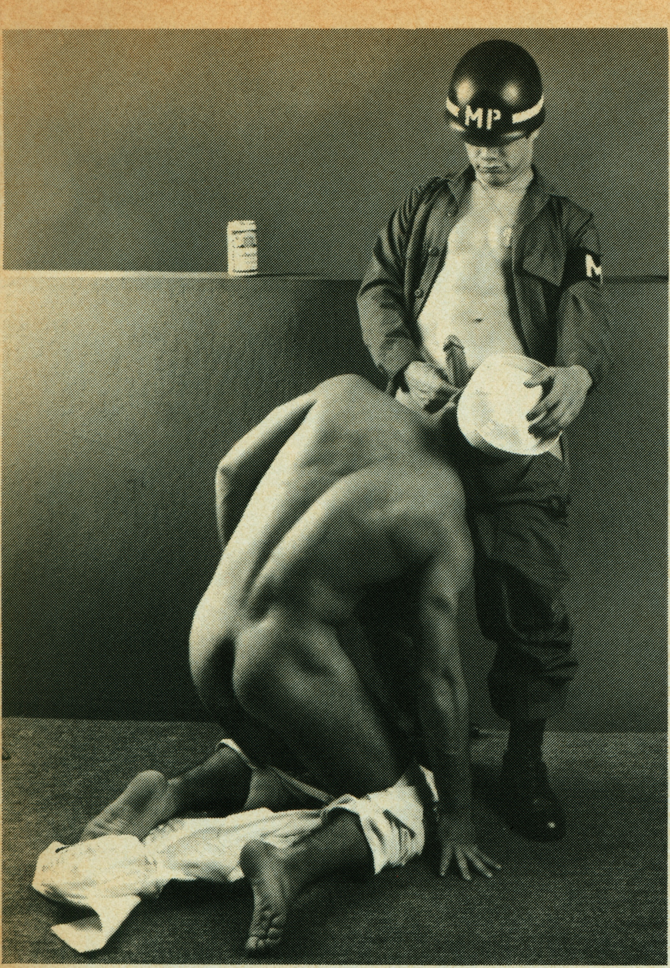
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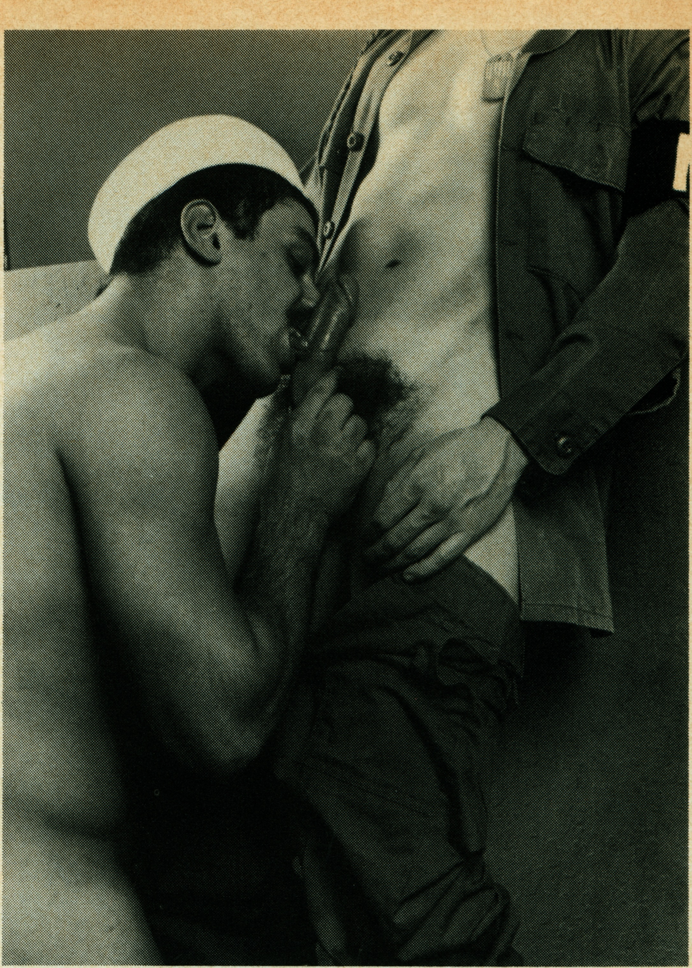

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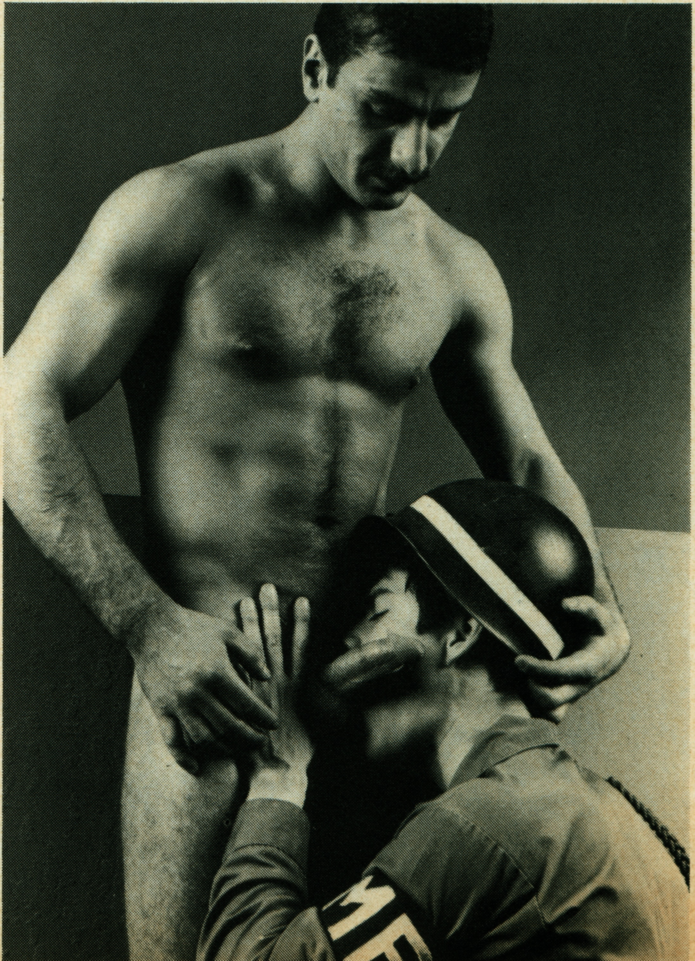
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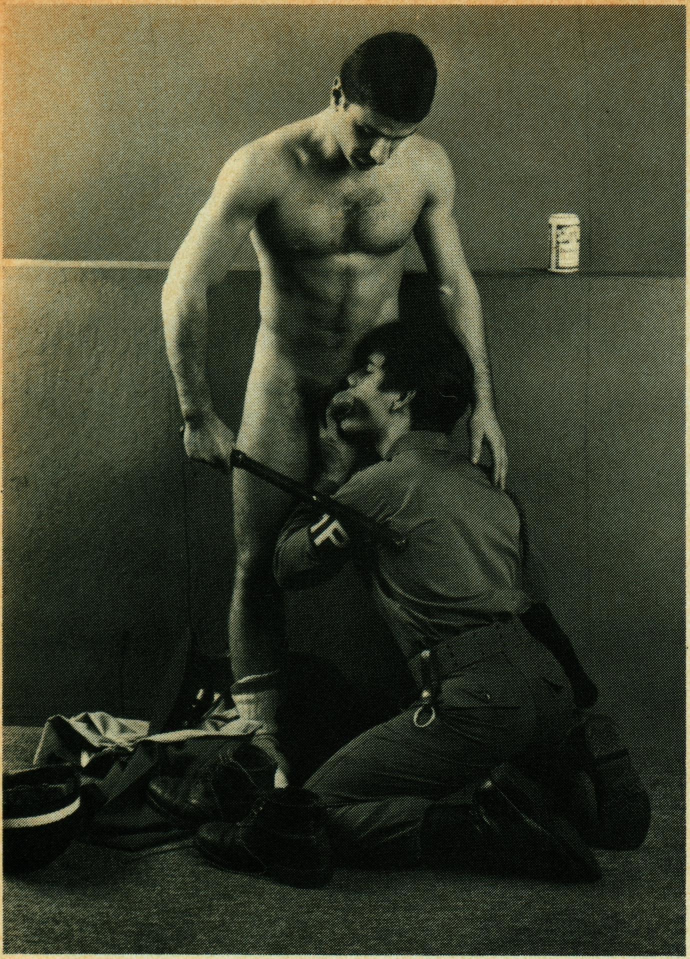
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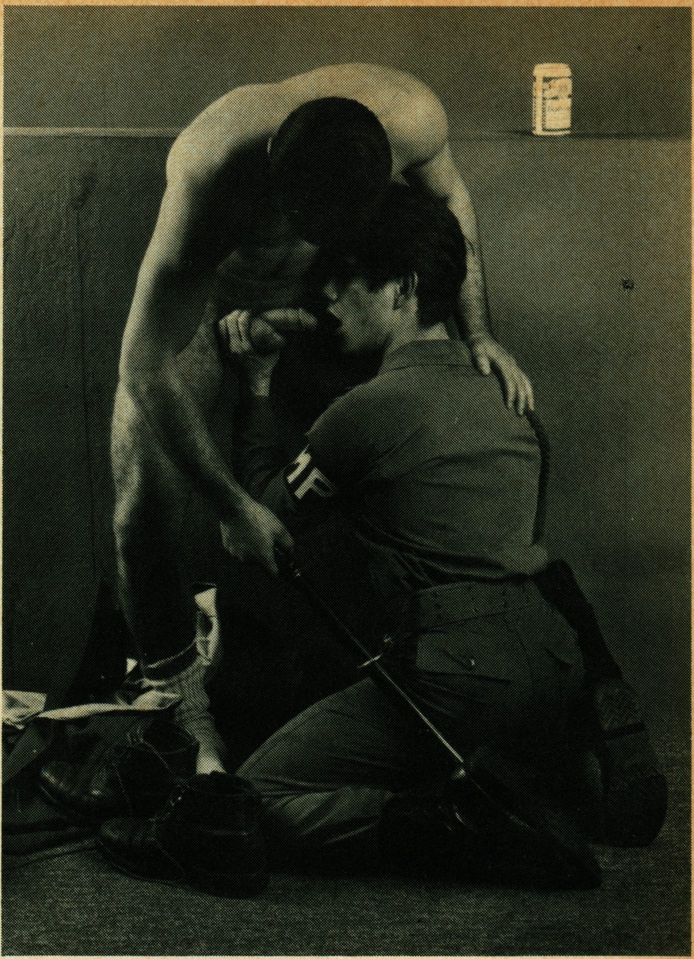
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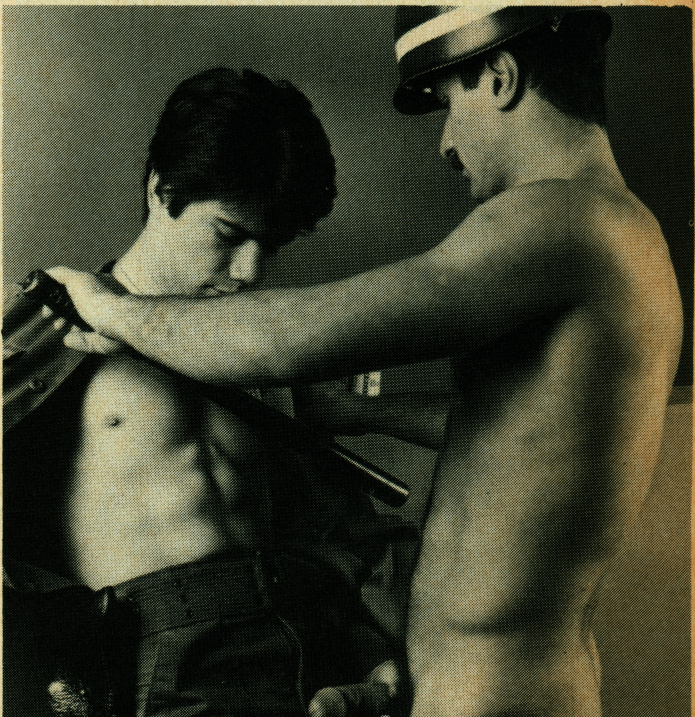

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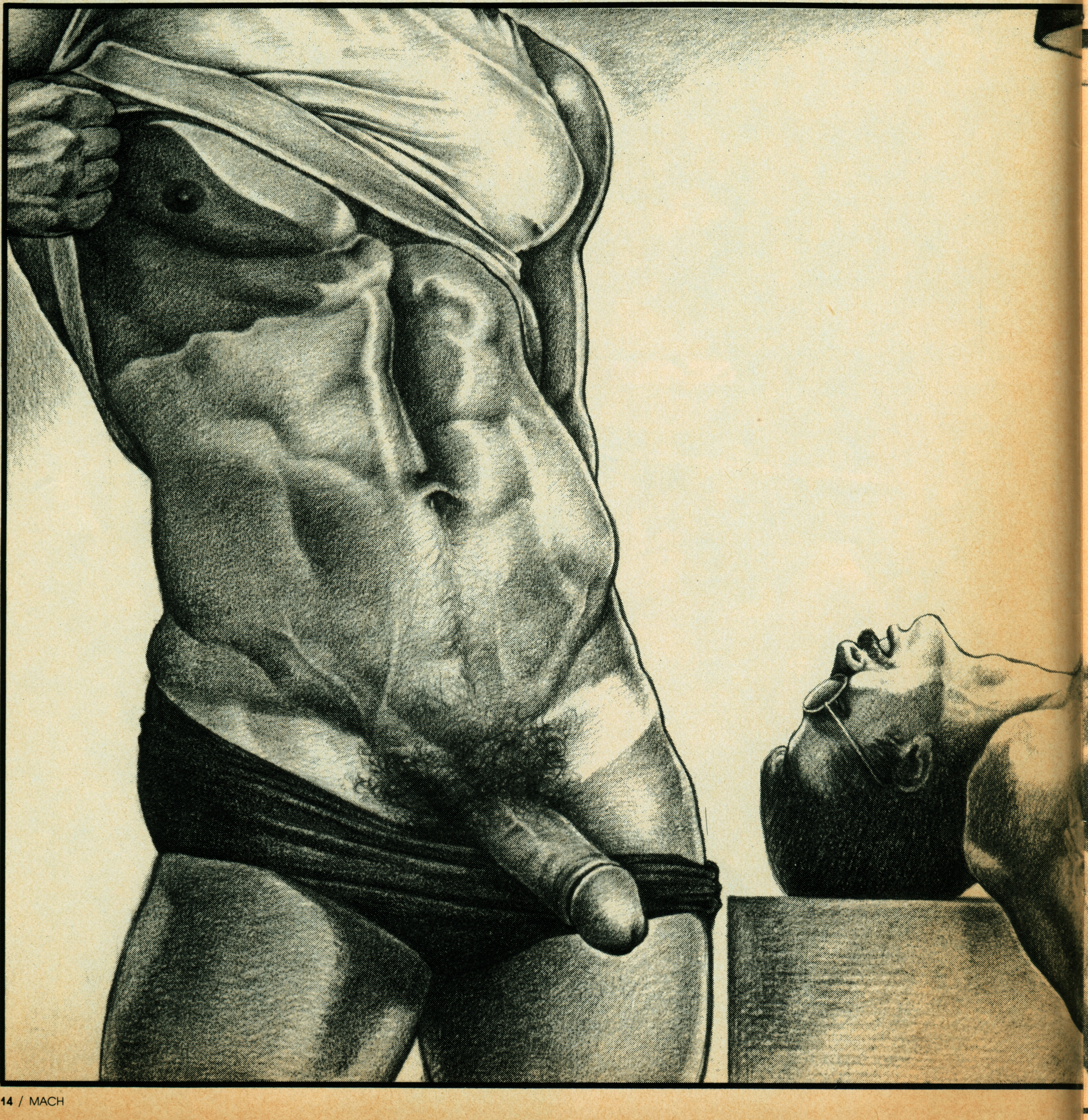
blood and guts

The snow had started Friday afternoon. The yankee anesthesiologist was amused that we treat a little snow shower as a natural disaster, but in Houston it is. The offices started sending workers

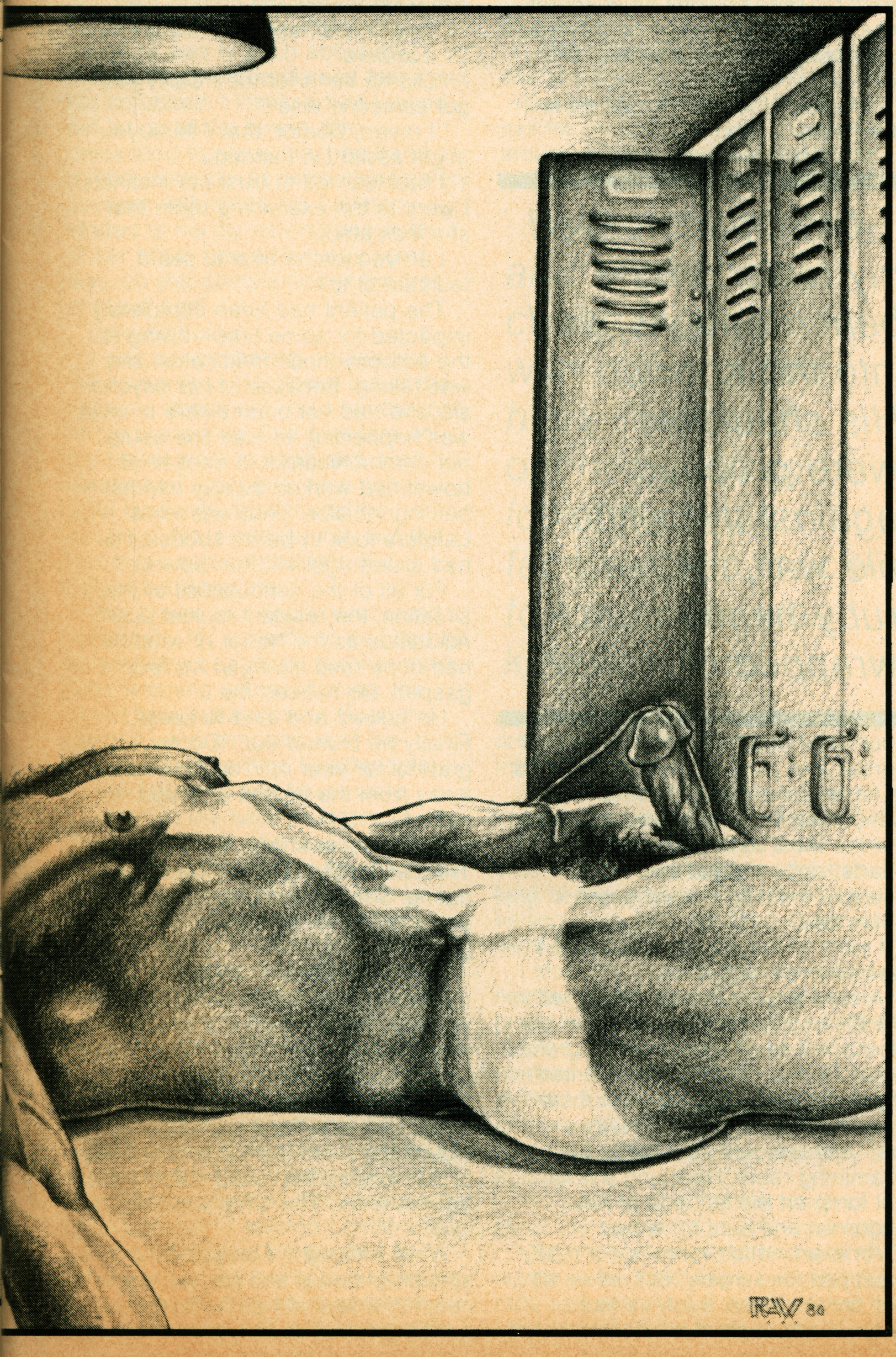
illustration: R.A.W.



by lars eighner

home by two o'clock. By five, minor accidents and abandoned cars blocked most of the streets. No native owns tire chains.

The hospital was stuck with what staff we had. Paul had expected a day off after five days of little sleep. Instead, he got forty-eight hours more of no sleep.



I didn't do much better. I looked down the boulevard to the fountain and beyond, to the white trees and roofs of Montrose. Not this weekend.

The attending physicians canceled elective procedures and promptly disappeared. The other residents and I had to cover their routines. As the minor scrapes backed up in the emergency room, the interns were pulled there. I had to pick up their ordinary scut work.

As soon as I could escape the charge nurse on Four West, I took a long coffee break. Her list of pointless tasks for me was growing larger and larger. I knew I had to brace myself. The snow kept falling. Worse was bound to hit the ER.

Paul passed with a cup of coffee. I really noticed him for the first time. Black hair and blue eyes I always notice, sooner or later. I knew he was first year in orthopedics.

Orthopedics is picturesque work. Mixed in with old women who break their hips are plenty of jocks with sprains and fractures. Doctors do notice. At least, when I look at a football knee, I notice what it's attached to.

Paul's physique must be useful in that kind of work. He took a table near the sandwich machine and sat down facing me. Yes, I thought, I am looking at you. Before he looked away, he seemed to know.

Luck ran out a little after nine.

A drunk ran a stop sign and broadsided a family's old Fairlane. He got out with a nasty dent on his pick-up, a gash over his eye, and his fourth drunk-driving arrest of the year. The father and the teenaged boy were DOA. The girl, about six, would pull through. Paul took her case. No one was certain whether she would be an orphan.

The intern did an excellent job on the mother. He ignored the scalp and facial lacerations, which always look horrible, but seldom amount to much. Those wounds bleed a lot, but they could not account for the falling blood pressure.

A nurse found me at the candy machine.

"Doctor, Dr. Phillips requests that you scrub in on a splenectomy."

"Funny. That sounds like just the thing an intern would want to hog to himself."

"It's got to be quick. She's stabilized, but on her fifth unit. I'll save this for you." That was the last I saw of my Mars bar.

"You done this before? Start opening her up," I shouted at Phillips while I scrubbed.

"Just one. Left semilunar?"

"Sure."

When he stepped away from the operator's side of the table, I saw it was not so bad. The rush was to save the blood bank.

We always run low on blood on a weekend. The snow would make replacement slow in coming. I thought I'd make quick work of the spleen.

Suddenly, the physician's assistant reached toward my arm.

"Doctor!" He stopped short of grabbing me.

"What is it?" I was startled.

"I believe you caught the tail of the pancreas there. I mean, I beg your pardon."

PA's all think they're doctors. They scrub in on everything. They see more. Experience counts for something; the good ones develop an unfailing sense of anatomy.

He was right, of course.

"You called me in for quick," I appologized to Phillips. "You didn't say neatness counted."

He chuckled politely. Now he thinks I'm a jerk.

While Phillips closed I peered through the window at Paul. He was working on the girl's pelvis. My eyes traced the vein up his straining biceps to the place it disappeared under the green of his sweat-stained scrub suit. I left the window before I distracted him.

The ER supervisor grabbed me before I could make it back to the candy machine. Someone had to pronounce three burn victims. Everyone else was hiding out or working on the living. Only afterwards did she tell me that the family was in the waiting room.

The unwritten law is clear on the point: unless I could saddle a social worker with it, I had to tell the family.

They were an old country couple. I could see from their faces that they were expecting the worst: the old woman worrying a paper napkin in her fingers, the old man, jaw set, staring at nothing.

"Mr. and Mrs. McKay?" I asked.

"No. We're the Schoens," said the old man. "We're her parents. His passed on."

"You have to understand that they were very badly burned." They understood.

"The child, too?" asked the old woman, no real hope in her voice.

I nodded.

"Thank you for telling us yourself, doctor." They couldn't have known I was a doctor. Anyone in a scrub suit is a doctor at times like this. "Did they suffer much?"

"I believe the smoke took them in their sleep," I lied.

The ambitious charge nurse on Four West had found some relief for herself and gone off duty. I was glad to have some routine to return to without her breathing down my neck. For the most part, I treated the charts, since the patients were asleep. I finished rounds only six hours late.

> *I stripped, tossed my towel on the bench and stepped into the shower. His shoulders were propped against the white tile wall, his hard, ruby-headed cock wrapped in his fist.*

I went to the showers because I was covered with shit.

A very large lady had presented in the ER complaining of a lump in her stomach. I don't know how long she waited there. Since she was breathing and not dripping blood, it must have been a long time. Finally a first-year resident saw her in an examining room. He found a large hot lump on the left side of her abdomen and sent for a tray.

An examination room is not really equipped for surgery. Still, when all hell breaks loose, such as more snow in one night than in the last ten years put together, minor procedures are sometimes done on the spot.

Evidently, the resident thought he had found a pocket of pus in a recent surgical scar and intended to drain it.

He dropped a couple of instruments. His patient knocked over the rest of the tray in a spasm of pain. He had not given enough Novacaine. He remarked to the nurse that it—whatever he may have thought it was—was deeper than he expected.

He sent for another tray.

The second tray roused the supply nurse's suspicions. She spotted me sneaking toward the commissary.

"Doctor, perhaps you might assist Dr. Landers."

"Did he send for me? Can't you get someone else?"

"I mean, Doctor, that *I* think you might assist Dr. Landers."

I had learned to trust her instincts. I went to the examining room that she indicated.

I arrived just in time to see a fountain of shit.

The patient had been completely impacted for some time—owing to the anti-psychotic medication she was taking. Because of her psychosis, she had not been aware of what was happening, or else she could not communicate it. A section of bowel had worked its way into her healing incision. That was what Landers took to be an abcess. He had sliced right into her bowel.

For all of the seriousness of the situation, the resident looked purely ridiculous as the horror of what he had done rose slowly in his face. I gasped. He noticed me.

He gulped and tried to speak. Finally he blurted out, "Doctor, I'd be grateful for your opinion." He stood away from the patient and said no more.

Madness, at times, is a blessing. The patient thought she was hallucinating. She started singing gospel and praying for the devil-visions to go away.

I sent for anesthesiology.

I figured that sterile technique, which is pretty much a fiction anyway, was a joke in such circumstances. I thought I would operate where I was. But a survey of the portable equipment and the dimensions of the examining room soon disabused me of that notion. We could not spare a trauma room. The OR's were mostly idle.

While I thought, I elevated the section of bowel and packed underneath it. It was still pumping feces at a prodigious rate. The object was to avoid pumping any more into the abdominal cavity, since clearly we would have to go after every speck. For such packing as I could manage, I still had to hold the bowel to keep it where I wanted it.

We moved up the hall to the elevator. We looked like a great amoeba, wrapped up in every piece of green drape we could lay our hands on.

I noticed Paul, collapsed in a steel and vinyl chair by the elevator. He evidently was not wearing underwear beneath his scrub pants.

The circulating nurse met us at the entrance to the operating suite. She was livid. But the only thing she could do was to bitch about my technique. She complained that I had not scrubbed. I insisted that I could not let go of the bowel. She demanded to glove me, one hand at a time. Both gloves were immediately covered with feces, as I demonstrated to her by waving one in front of her nose. She saw it was pointless, so she complained of the trail of blood and shit.

That hit home.

I was concentrating on keeping the contents of the bowel out of the patient's abdomen. I had not thought of the blood loss. The bleeders on the bowel were insignificant. Had I overlooked a big one, now out of sight below the bowel and the packing? No, evidently not. But the fact that I had not thought of it before bothered me.

The bowel was finally evacuated sufficiently for a clamp to be fitted on either side of Landers' butcher mark. After washing and suctioning, the bowel took suturing well. Soon the clamps were removed, and the bowel took on a nice healthy color.

The following two hours were involved in the futile drudgery of mopping up. No one could find it all. I did my best. I sent for the third-year medical resident. He wrinkled his nose at the smell and rolled his eyes heavenward as I explained, as tactfully as possible, the history.

He wanted to start an IV drip of more different antibiotics that I had ever thought of. Landers hastily agreed.

When I figured I had reached the point of diminishing returns on the mopping up, I looked around the OR. Landers was standing beside a tray, in the corner, behind the anesthesiologist's drapes. I wanted Landers to get the point now. He needed to realize what was going to happen to him. I asked an intern to scrub in and close what was still, in a purely formal sense, Landers' case. I almost thanked Landers for the referral, but thought better of it.

I realized that I was covered with shit under my gown. I bade farewell to the infection control nurse, who was on the verge of apoplexy, and headed for the showers.

I stripped, tossed my towel on the bench and stepped into the shower room. I caught Paul in the act. Too weary to react, he just looked up at me.

His shoulders were propped against the white tile wall, his hard, ruby-headed cock wrapped in his fist. He had not heard me for the splatting of the water on the tile floor. Or maybe he had.

I meant to give him a way out. "I see you started without me."

But he only managed to grin with half his mouth. The fatigue puffed up around his pink and blue eyes. He dropped his hand against his thigh in frustration.

I found the soap and stroked our cocks together with it. He pulled himself up and opened both eyes, looking at me face-to-face, cock-to-cock. He was knuckle-hard.

"Please, Doctor, help me. I've been trying for forty-five minutes."

His whole body slumped. He seemed lifeless except for the bobbing of his penis as it pointed at the ceiling, slick with the satin-sheen of want-to fluid.

I stepped under the spray of the nozzle. he had pound-on-me boxer pecs, with deep brown, tight-knotted nipples. The ruttish flush on his hairless body was all the more evident for his general pallor of fatigue and indoor work. I realized I was hard when my cock brushed against his.

His cock jumped at the touch of mine. He opened one eye, squinting.

I let my cock slide under his and nuzzle in the bald seam between his nuts and ass. As if it were a great effort, he lifted his hand to my shoulder. He let his fingers slide slowly down amid the hair of my chest. "Please, Doctor."

I found the soap and stroked our cocks together with it. He pulled himself up and opened both eyes, looking at me face-to-face, cock-to-cock.

He was knuckle-hard.

"Help me come. I've got to get it out." His voice was not the dreamy plea any more. It was the simple deep sound of masculine urgency.

I twisted my chest to direct the shower stream to our cocks, rinsing off the last of the soap. He turned and braced his forearms on the wall. "Please."

I fit my palms into the eternal thumbprints on his butt. My cock slid between his thighs. I could feel little spasms in his balls as they draped over my dick. I pulled back to aim it at his hole.

Seeing the soap on the floor, I reached for it. "*Now*, please. You won't need that."

His spine bowed up in fuck-me style. I split into him with a single stroke. The sensation of being connected raced through my cock and up his back. We shuddered.

I reached in front and hugged his cock in both my hands.

"Now, fuck me hard."

His cock swelled even more as he bucked into each peaking stroke. The V of all his torso muscles pressed against my pubic bone, grabbing, grasping, digging for the root of the hard, curved keel we shared. He made my cock his and fucked me back with it.

Greasy desire formed opals at his cockhead and melted them along his shaft in the friction-heat of my hand. I buried my head between his shoulder blades, gasping for the man-smoke of his muscles.

His wad smacked the tile like a wet towel. And then a second and a third. "Please."

But I was already gushing, my cock locked in the deepest part of him. Sinking, both of us sinking to our knees into the puddle of lust, our jets subsiding to a gentle flow.

Then it was over. I tensed my cock inside him until at last it fell out. We sighed together. Then we laughed at—I don't know what we laughed at, except that we had to.

He kissed me.

I dried silently, not knowing whether to look at him.

The clean scrub suit smelled of scorched starch.

When I turned around Paul had fallen asleep, sitting on the bench. □

HELPFUL HINTS FOR BETTER LIVING

HOW TO DRESS YOUR SLAVE

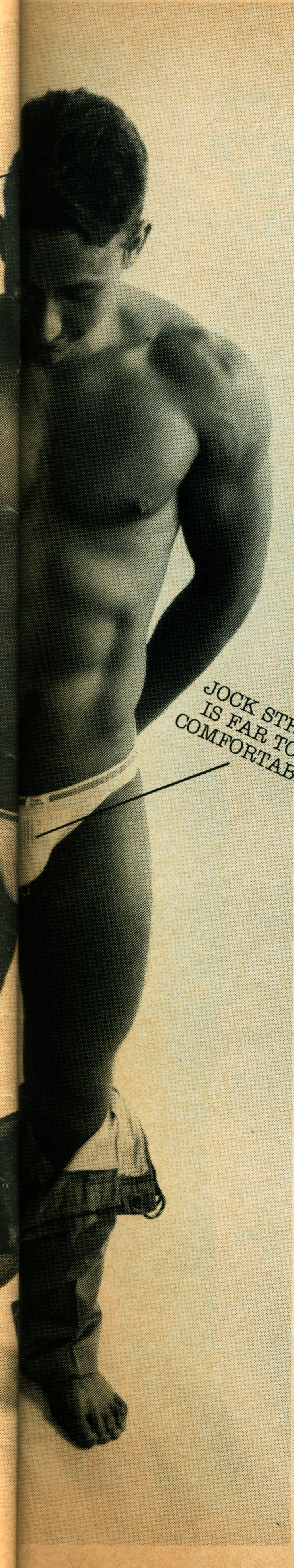
SENDING YOUR SLAVE OFF TO WORK WITHOUT DRESSING HIM PROPERLY FOR IT IS WASTING AT LEAST HALF THE POTENTIAL OF HIS BEING YOUR SLAVE.

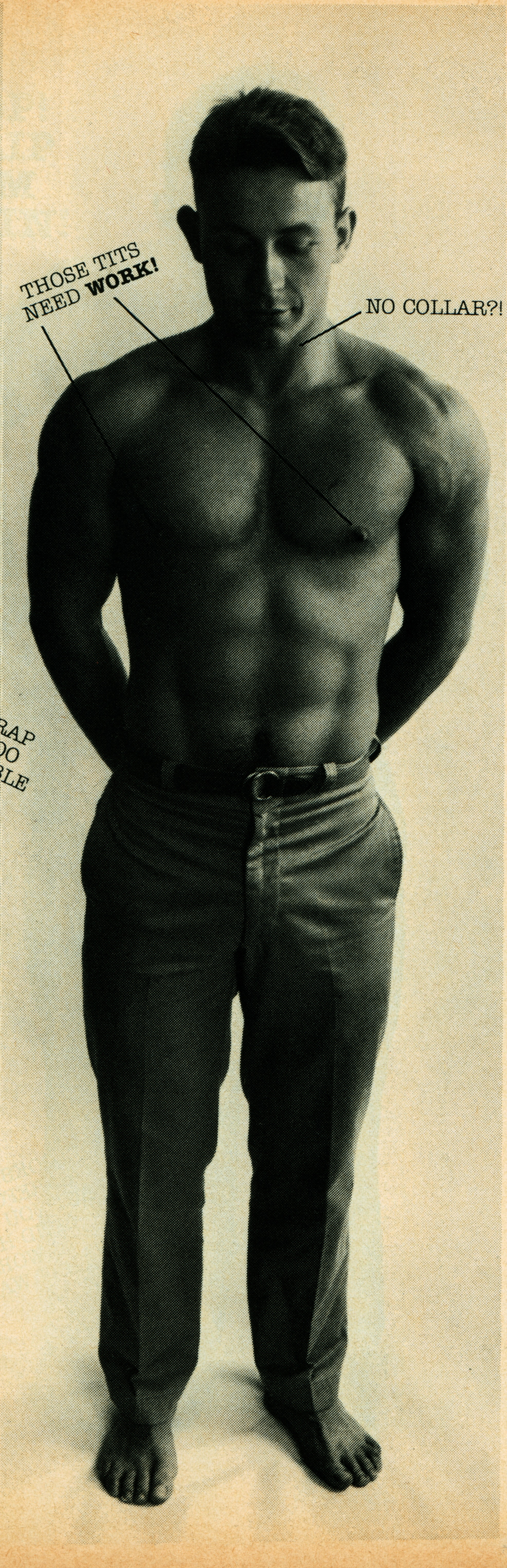
REMARKS BY
ROBERT PAYNE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JIM WIGLER

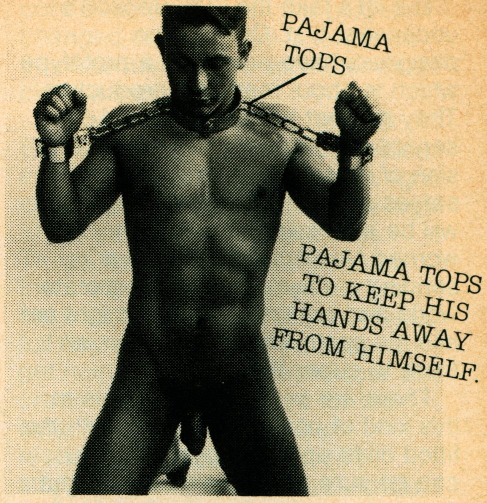
WRONG!

HAIR IS SHORT, BUT NOT SHORT ENOUGH TO INDICATE SLAVERY.

GET **RID** OF THAT PUBIC HAIR!


JOCK STRAP IS FAR TOO COMFORTABLE


THOSE TITS NEED **WORK!**
NO COLLAR?!


PAJAMA TOPS
PAJAMA TOPS TO KEEP HIS HANDS AWAY FROM HIMSELF.

FORGET 'DR.DENTON'S' AND PUT HIM IN 'MR. BENSON'S' WHEN YOU CALL IT A NIGHT. HE'LL BE A BETTER MAN FOR IT (AND FOR YOU.)

Remember your "Dr. Denton's" which your father (or mother) lovingly put on you when you were a child? They weren't just the ordinary run of p.j.'s or underwear. They were serviceable. The flap in the back dropped down so you didn't have to take them off when you went to the can—or catch a cold when you were buggered by your Uncle Charlie in the middle of the night. If you had a tendency to wet the bed, underneath you might have been fitted with a kind of rubber jockey shorts that at least contained the flood. Those were great days, weren't they?

But now, just when you feel you've outgrown all that, along comes a new innovation—"Mr. Benson's," underwear and pajamas that can keep a young fellow in his place even when worn inder the most Republican three-piece suit. Or at night, when you're allowed to wear nothing at all and your Master calls out (as you're up finishing the last of the dinner dishes or down on your hands and knees scrubbing the floors or servicing the last of the dinner guests), "Boy, get your pajamas on," you hasten to the only drawer allowed you in the grown-up's furniture, and pull out your "Mr. Benson's". They are pajamas that, after a bit of use, will become as much a part of you as your own skin, or the hair that used to be on your crotch.

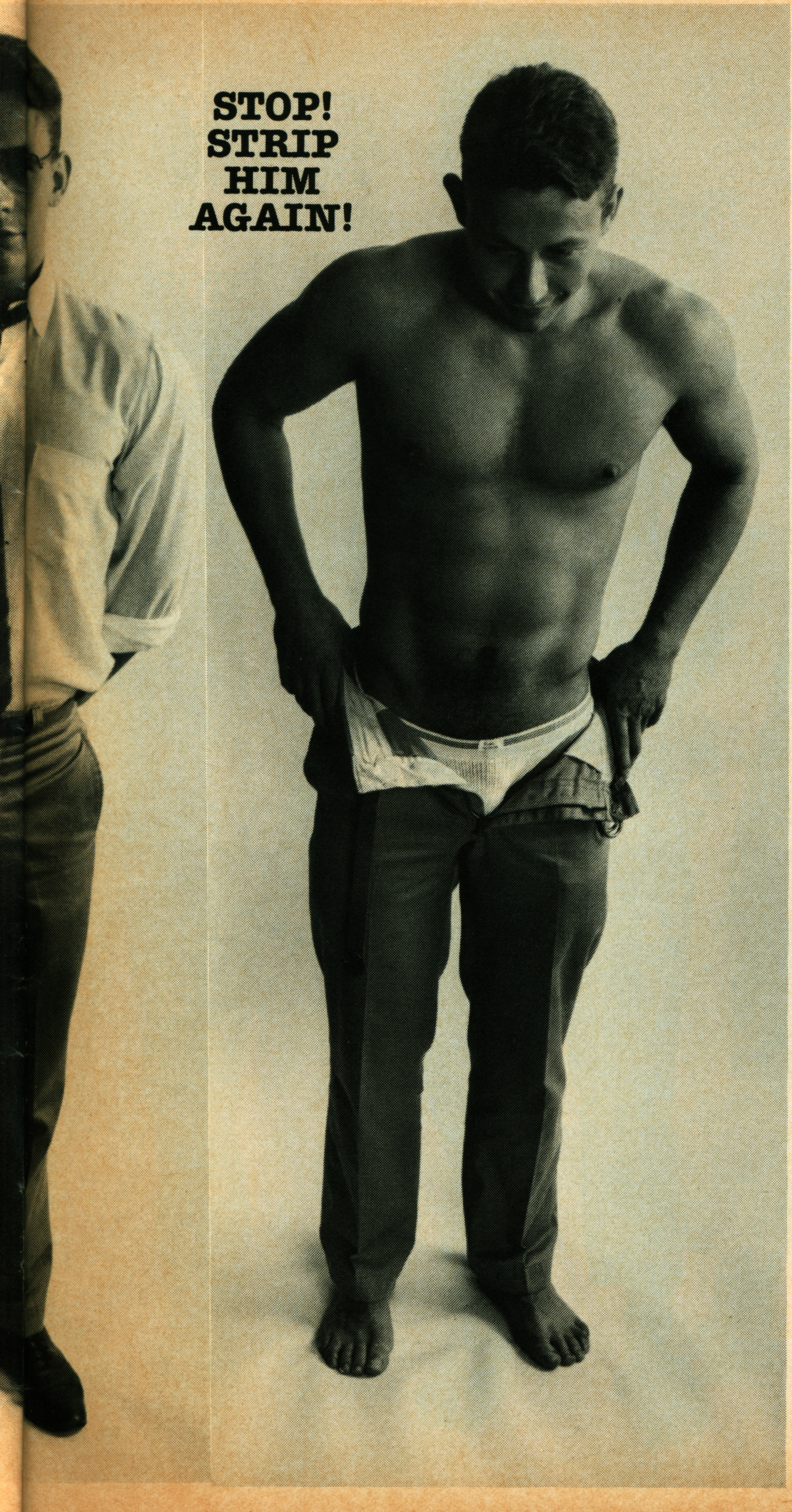
But let's take the "Mr. Benson's" underwear first. Our fashion designers have produced a prototype which is about ready for production. They felt that rubber was most serviceable, so latex it is. Our version of these jockey shorts also serves as a chastity device, which will be a blessing to the many worried Masters the world over, sending a slave off to the corporate world and not knowing who might get into his pants when his Master isn't there to supervise.

There are several advantages to this kind of underpants. First, with the fitted dildo up your boy's ass, you can be sure nothing else will be put there when you are not around to keep track. And while it is possible for him to have an erection at any time (a change from other, more old-fashioned devices), there is also absolutely nothing he can do about it, or with it. In fact, we hope he has a key to executive washroom, since he'll require a somewhat private can to pee. He simply drops his pants and lays across the toilet bowl to relieve himself. It should reduce considerably his voluntary intake of coffee, Diet Pepsi, and other liquids which are not good for him anyway.

His upperwear can be latex or wool, depending on your mood. One is just about as hot as the other, but wool's advantage is that it is itchy. There is a patented strip of velcro across the chest to keep the nipples at their utmost sensitivity. Earlier models had fine sandpaper, even wet-and-dry flintpaper, but it couldn't survive the many washings through which our lab puts such experimental material. You will notice that the T-shirt-like affair has a very short tail, there being no need to cover the slave's midriff. The back has a message on it, as would any normal T-shirt on the front; this merely identifies the wearer as being the property of _____.

But getting back to the undershorts, you may personally embellish the equipment your man wears daily under his trousers. A ball stretcher is excellent, both as a training device and to stretch the ballsack to its uppermost (or lowermost). A leather cockring adds considerably to the attention he will give his groin during his work-filled day. And of course the dildo butt plug should be carefully chosen and fitted to be sure he is not stretched too far to properly accomodate his master at night. Or perhaps he *needs* stretching. For that we suggest the super or family-size plug. Or even a deluxe model is

LOOKS GOOD BAREFOOT—BUT YOU CAN'T SEND HIM TO WORK THAT WAY.



STOP! STRIP HIM AGAIN!

conceivable, in which the plug is changed occasionally to larger circumferences as the sphincter muscle is expanded.

As with "Dr. Denton's," the Mr. Benson designers go with you clear to the tips of your boy's feet. A light chain from his balls follows his legs to the straps around his ankles. These should be tight enough so there's a constant pull on his ballsack as he stands or walks. After a full day of this, he will be happy to get home, strip at the front door and crawl around on all fours for the balance of the day. But our resourceful designers haven't stopped there. Under those Adidas or Stacey-Freeman's, your man can wear small stainless steel bearings or marbles, depending on how deluxe a dressing-up you care to give him. These are a matched set of eight, which are placed between the toes, inside his socks (if he is allowed to wear socks). These are probably the most ingenious innovation of all. No hobble ever devised comes close to the debilitating effect of feet encased in shoes along with something between the toes. There will be little running and not too much walking, if you want to get right down to it.

Now, with his collar under his shirt, your young fellow is off for a hard day's work. When he brings home his paycheck this evening you will know he has earned it. Of course, you should periodically check him for abuse at the office. Things can happen. Locks can be picked, even on this model of Mr. Benson's patented underpants. Should someone catch him on his belly in the can, trying to pee without getting any on the floor or his pants, they might get curious and strip him down. And there are unscrupulous employers or fellow employees who would take advantage of such a situation. Check him for bruises and for excessive wear about the mouth.

Like all underwear, this line has a should-be-removed-along-with-whatever-else-you-are-wearing look. It inhibits the Master's use of the slave's ass, for one thing. And marbles are difficult to keep between his toes when not surrounded by shoes of some sort.

Strip the boy down and both of you can enjoy the fresh air on his nude flesh. It is disconcerting to try to beat him with all the latex and wool on. However, the pajamas are another thing. They could even be termed "lounging pajamas" and worn with or without company on the premises.

Your houseboy or slave can be happily at work in the kitchen or basement, rattling around in his chains, whose melody will warm your heart as you know not only where he is, but that he is keeping busy and productive.

But let's say it's time for him to go to bed, either yours or the cot on the floor or even in the doghouse with Rover. After his shower or hosing down, you may allow him to bring his Mr. Benson pajamas to you for installation. These are patterned after the Marine shackles of another era, but have been updated to see that your slave has the proper dreams while sleeping and the proper attitude while awake.

The metallic property of these pajamas makes them a bit cold to the touch, so if your slave is allowed to sleep in the same bed with you, make sure his body heat has warmed them up before they are allowed to come in contact with his Master's flesh. The iron collar, wrist restraints and ankle shackles are connected with a set of chain capable of towing a three-quarter ton truck out of the snow. The chrome finish is an afterthought, making the ensemble fashionable enough to be worn at any uptown slave auction. The metal cockring is optional and really not recommended. a separate cock-and-ball harness is more flexible, keeping the poor creature constantly hard but unable to touch.

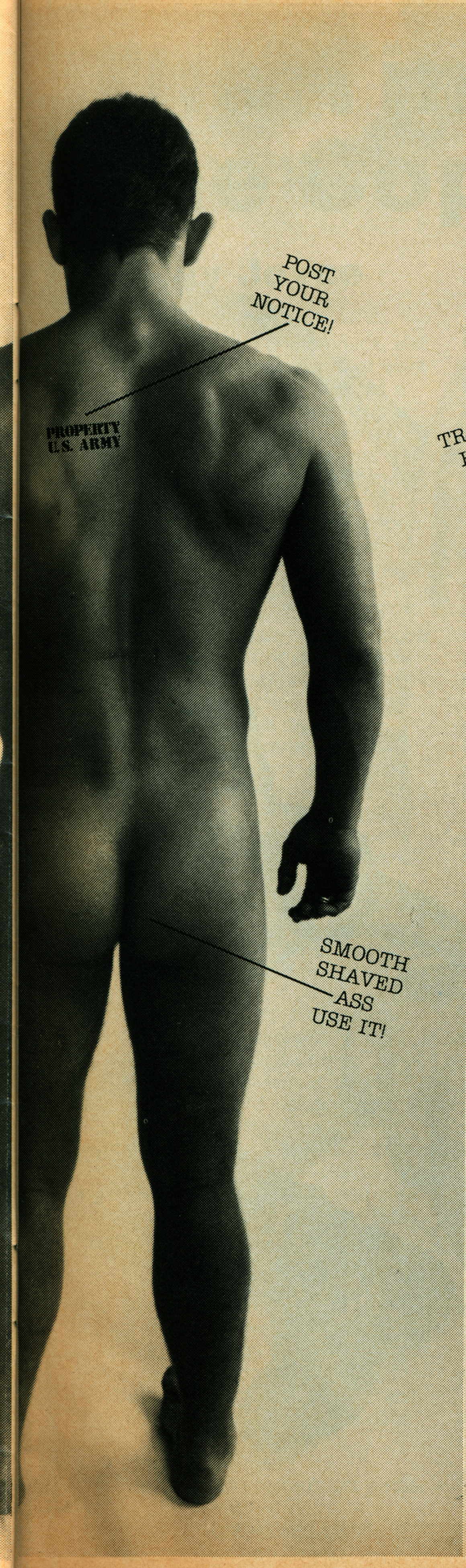
You will notice that this ensemble leaves the backside, which is the only side anyone is interested in anyway, completely vulnerable and accessible. If you are prone to sleeping with your dick up his ass, the pajamas in no way inhibit this. He may be a little noisy through the night, what with chains rattling every time he turns in his sleep; however, at other times this is a blessing, since you can tell at any given moment where in the house he is. If he does disturb your sleep, he can be trained to sleep very still simply by anchoring his chains between his wrists to the head of the bed and attaching the ones between his ankles to the foot of the bed. Turn him over when you want a piece; otherwise let him lie there and think about his throbbing hard-on. Good training made better.

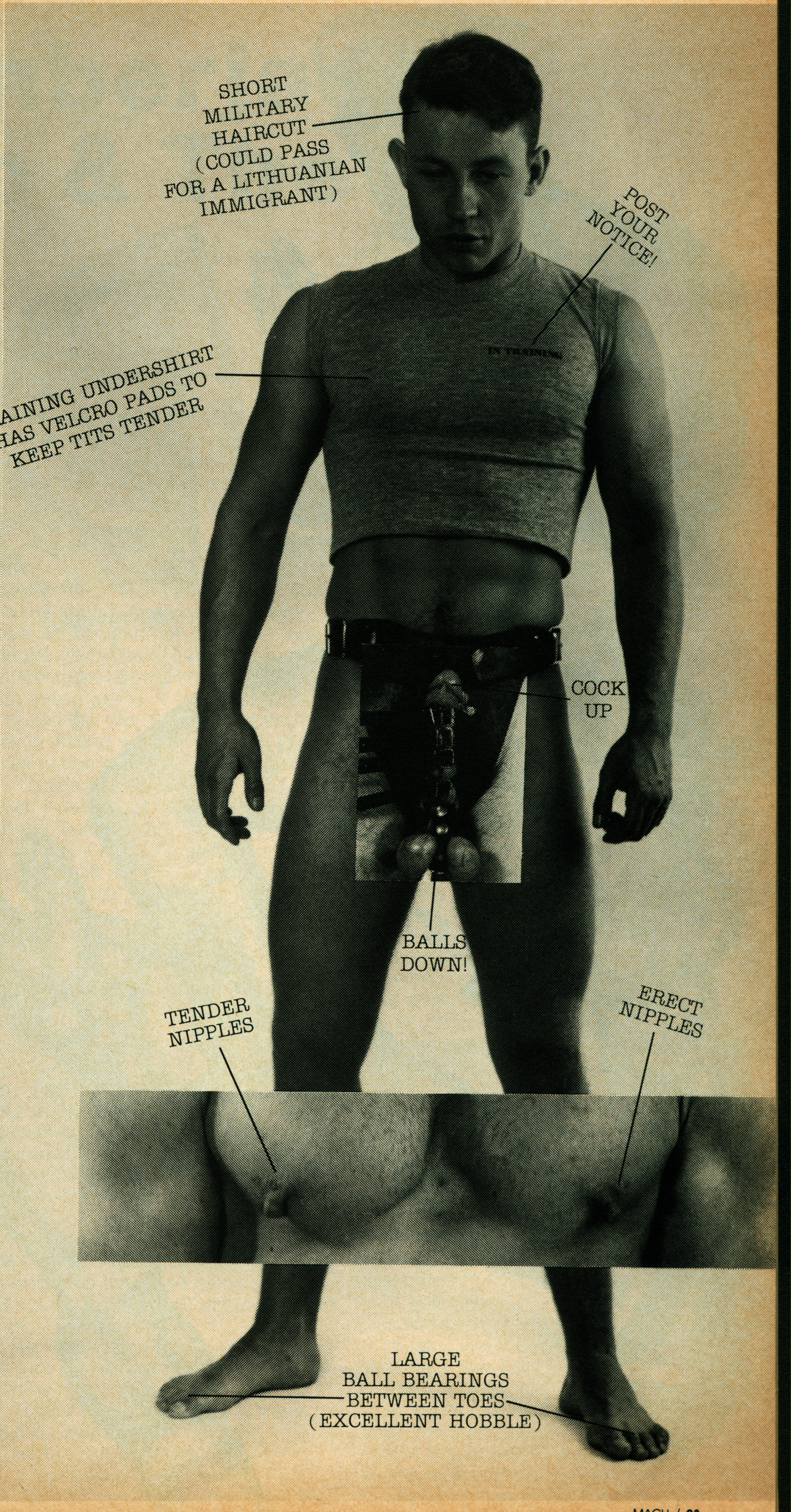
Check these pages in later issues to see the further developments in our Mr. Benson fashion line. We hope to have something for virtually every occasion, and for many occasions you probably have yet to think of. □

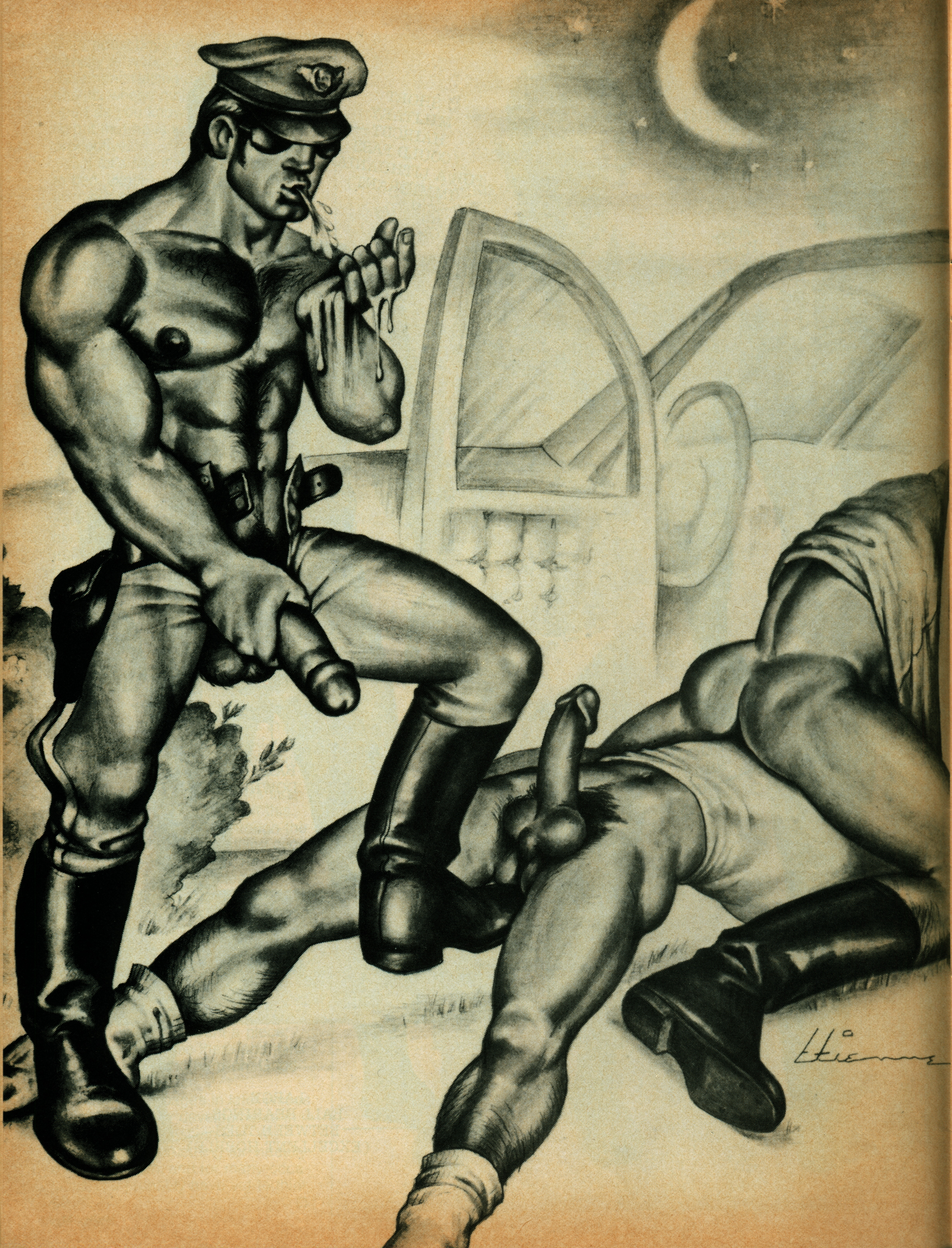
GOOD TITS BUT NOT NEAR SENSITIVE ENOUGH
NO ERECTION

UNDERNEATH THAT PROPER DEMEANOR WILL BE A MAN WHO KNOWS HIS PLACE.

STOP! STRIP HIM AGAIN!


POST YOUR NOTICE!
PROPERTY U.S. ARMY
SMOOTH SHAVED ASS USE IT!


SHORT MILITARY HAIRCUT (COULD PASS FOR A LITHUANIAN IMMIGRANT)
POST YOUR NOTICE!
IN TRAINING
TRAINING UNDERSHIRT HAS VELCRO PADS TO KEEP TITS TENDER
COCK UP
BALLS DOWN!
TENDER NIPPLES
ERECT NIPPLES
LARGE BALL BEARINGS BETWEEN TOES (EXCELLENT HOBBLE)


Etienne

The Timberjack, The Cop & The Kid

by Jay Joyce

When I work, I'm a timberjack. But I don't work unless I have to or want to. I'm a loner by nature. I've got a cabin to hell and gone from everywhere and everybody. I've had enough dick and ass to last me a lifetime. I grew up with my old man and his three trapper brothers in northern Maine, gangfucking since I was old enough to get a load off. I fucked my way through the Marines and most of the logging camps in the Northwest. I'm thirty years old, 6'2", 200 pounds with dark, short-cropped hair. The body's hairless except in the pits and crevices. I've got an uncut dick, nine inches fully hard and fat enough to fill my fist.

I took time off from the camp where I was working. I was doing some repairs on the cabin and generally fucking off for a couple of weeks. I'd whacked off to the point where I needed some outside stimulation. It was the end of a hot, July afternoon. I jumped in my pickup and headed for the highway. I threw my cooler in the front and stopped on the way for some beer and soda and ice.

I passed about four hitchhikers. None of them made my dick twitch or my ass quiver. One of them gave me the finger. That almost turned me on. I figured I might just end up working solo on my dick again tonight. I opened my levis and began pinching on the foreskin when I spotted a backpacker at a rest area up ahead. I pulled in, buttoned just the top button on my pants, got out of the cab and stretched.

The kid was blond, about eighteen, well-built, all-American type. He wore hiking shorts and showed a great pair of running legs, light fuzz on 'em. His eyes locked on the open fly, then up to my face, down over the chest and waist to the fly again and back up to my face.

"How you doin', kid?"

"Okay, except I haven't got a ride yet."

"I got to take a wicked piss."

The kid says, "I'd join you, but I don't want to miss a ride."

"Join me. I'll take you up the line. I'm just ridin' around pullin' my dick anyway."

We walk back into the trees and stop at angles to each other. I pull out my prick. Even soft it's a meaty five inches. The kid was impressed.

"That's some heavy-duty tool you got there."

He pulls the leg of his shorts open and pulls out a dick that looks just like he does, blond and straight and sturdy and all-American as a flag pole on the fourth of July. The knob on the end is bald. I know how interested even the straightest uncircumcised guy is in an uncut dick, so I pulled the skin back and forth over my dickhead while I'm waiting for the piss to come.

"That's a great foreskin, too. I sure wish I was uncut. I use about a pint of spit jacking off."

"Yeah, it's real handy jackin' off. you jack off a lot?"

"I get about six loads a day."

We both got semihard-ons on now. A stream of piss shoots out of my dick into the underbrush. The kid pulls out his balls too. They're round and tight to his groin, pure and hairless. He sends his stream of piss into mine. I pull my balls out of my jeans and massage them, sending my piss stream careening all over the place. The kid does the same, smiles and says, "Creative pissing."

I don't usually fuck around with youngsters. Besides the fact that they might be underage, I find that unless they've been brought out and shown the ropes by an older stud, they tend to be lousy lays. They think sex is lying back and being serviced. But there's something about this kid I like.

We move back to the pickup. He throws his pack in the back and climbs in the cab.

"There's beer and soda in the cooler. Help yourself."

He takes a beer naturally.

"What's your name, kid?"

"Sonny. That's what they call me."

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"Don't shit me now."

"Don't I look it?" He sounds hurt.

"Sure you do. You look older. But you guys today are so fucking big for your age, it's hard to tell for sure. Six loads a day, huh?"

"Usually."

"How many you got left?"

"Three."

The bald head of his dick pokes out of the leg of his shorts and starts stretching down his thigh.

"Just talking about it gives me a hard-on."

"Why don't you take off your shorts and give it a little breathing room?"

He pulls his shorts off and opens his shirt and sits back in the seat with his legs open and his all-American whacker pointing straight up to heaven.

"Yeah, that feels a lot better. What about you? Don't you need some breathing room?"

"Yeah, you want to take it out for me?"

There's nothing hornier than a guy opening your pants and pulling out your prick. He moves over beside me and unbuttons my fly. I don't give him any help. He has to reach down the leg of my pants. My dick's hard now, and he has to get a real good grip on it to pull it out.

"Pull out my balls, too."

He goes back in for my balls. They're a pair of fat knockers, but he manages to drag them out and hang them over the base of my fly onto the leather seat.

I say, "Did you ever handle a blind dick before?"

"A few times."

"You like the feel of it?"

"Yeah, I like the play you get stroking it," he says.

"Help yourself, kid."

He starts moving both fists up and down my shaft, stroking it nice and easy. I reach over and cup his all-American nuts in my hand. I fondle and squeeze them and pull

illustration: Etienne

them away from his groin till his prick is rock-hard. He pulls my foreskin back as far as it'll go, and smears my precome juice over my dickhead. Oh yeah, this kid's okay. He likes dick. I cup my palm under his chin, and he spits in it. "More," I say, and he spits again.

I move my hand to my mouth and spit twice in his spit. I smear the handful over his head and shaft and start sliding the spitfist up and down his all-American whacker. We're moving down the highway at an easy clip. The sky's clear, it's getting dark and there's a crescent moon. A cool, balmy breeze is playing on our chests and nuts, and we're keeping each other at a nice, high, horny level.

He tells me he's going to college in the fall on a football scholarship. He's going backpacking till Sunday night. Then he starts a summer job on Moanday.

About a mile before my turnoff I see a single light trailing us in the rear-view.

"That cocksucker."

"Who?"

"That bike cop following us. He's been eyeballing me for a couple of months. I don't know whether he wants to fuck or fight. It's almost dark. He can't be on duty with a bike now."

"I better put on my shorts."

"Leave 'em where they are. Just finish off your beer and put the empty in the cooler. I'm ready for this fucker tonight."

I leave the highway for a secondary road. The light follows. He starts to pass me, then cruises next to the cab. I give him a look.

"Pull over at the next siding."

I do better than that. I pull off on an old road that goes nowhere. I used it to fuck once. He pulls the bike up in front, gets off and walks into the headlights. He's a sturdy looking stud, about my height, rugged features, sandy hair, good shoulders, a forty-six chest anyway, trim waist, solid ass, and the uniform fits him like the jockstrap which he ain't wearing, because the bulge of his nuts and the outline of a real impressive cock are hanging down his leg.

I cut out the light. He comes to the window.

"What is it, Sarge?"

"License and registration."

"Sonny. In the glove compartment."

The cop looks them over with a flashlight, passes them back, and I hand them to Sonny. Sarge opens the door and puts the beam of the flashlight on my cock. It's semihard now with a little precome juice oozing out. He flashes on Sonny. Scared or not, that eighteen-year-old whacker is still rock-hard.

My dick twitches. I lower his ass the last few inches, into tasting range, and his balls come to rest on the bridge of my nose.

"You always ride down the highway bare-assed sportin' a boner?"

I say, "We just came from a skinflick, and we're trying to cool our nuts off."

"How old are you, kid?"

"Eighteen, Sir."

"Can you prove it?"

I say, "Look at that whacker, Sarge. He's come off three times today, and look at it."

"That doesn't prove a fucking thing. and how do you know how many times he came off?"

"I counted."

"What's he to you?"

"He's my nephew. My sister's boy."

"And you whack it together?"

"The family that sprays together stays together."

The sarge doesn't smile. He's still playing it heavy. "Kneel up on that seat, boy. I want to see your asshole."

Sonny kneels up on the seat with his ass practically touching my face. The sarge steps up on the cab, and I can feel the outline of his prick pressing into my arm. There's heat coming from it. Sarge plays the beam of light on Sonny's ass.

"You mind spreading your nephew's cheeks?"

I open his buns, and the sarge and I look into a fucking crevice that would make a saint's mouth water. And right in the middle is this perfect, pink bud of an eighteen-year-old asshole with just a whisper of little blond hairs surrounding it. I move my arm, putting some pressure on the sarge's dick. It's getting hard. My dick's moving into the vertical again.

I say, "When's the last time you looked into an asshole that young and pretty, Sarge?"

Sarge moves his thumb over Sonny's asshole two or three times and then looks at it, holding it right under my nose. The smell drives me crazy.

"What did you expect to find, Sarge, come dripping out of there? It's dry as a bone."

"Too dry," the sarge says. "You shouldn't let your nephew go around with a dry asshole, Unc. You ought to dab a little vaseline on that for him."

"Out of vaseline."

"Your tongue should do."

"The angle's bad."

"Right. Get your asses in the back of the truck."

There's a blanket in the back. There always is. I lie on my back on the blanket, my head toward the cab. Sonny is standing over me, leaning his hands against the roof of the cab. I raise my hands to his asscheeks. He sits on the palms of my hands. I take his full weight and lower his ass to my face. I breathe in the aroma. My dick twitches. I lower his ass the last few inches, into tasting range, and his balls come to rest on the bridge of my nose.

Sarge leans back against the cab facing Sonny. His dick is still in his pants straining against the material. He keeps snapping his fingers against it, and there's fuck juice staining the pants halfway down his thigh.

Sarge says, "He's rimmed you before, hasn't he, kid?"

"No, Sir."

"Hey, Unc, you mean you've never had your face up this kid's ass before?"

"That's right, Sarge."

"Kid, you're lucky. If I ever saw a mouth made for eatin' asshole, it's your uncle's. I want you to tell me everything he's doing down there on your asshole so I'll know whether he's giving you a good rimming or not, you hear?"

"Yes, Sir."

I touch the tip of my tongue to the bud of Sonny's hole and feel it contract. I tickle it with my tongue.

"How's he doing, son?"

"Fine, Sir."

"Tell me, son. Give me details."

"He's running his tongue back and forth across my asshole, Sir. It feels good. I love it. He's got a very sensitive tongue. Now he's lapping my asshole, Sir, long wet laps that start at the back of my ass and run across my asshole up to my balls. He keeps lapping it that way, and it makes me hot. Now he's stopped lapping. He's got his tongue out, and he's moving my ass back and forth across it with his hands."

"You're making my prick hot talking like that, son. Look how my pecker's staining my pants. We ought to take it out of there, don't you think?"

"Yes, Sir."

Sonny opens the cop's pants and pulls out his prick.

"What do you think of that cop prick, son?"

"It's a handsome prick, Sir. It's fatter than my hand. It's a good nine inches, and it has a big foreskin on it."

"You like foreskin, son?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Good. You play with that nice and easy while you tell me how your uncle's doing on your asshole, and I'll let you suck on it for a while. How would you like that?"

"I'd like that very much, Sir. My uncle's sucking on my asshole now, like he's trying to suck something out of there. My asshole's very relaxed now, very open. I can feel his hard tongue pressing in now. He's trying to push his tongue into my asshole. I'm relaxing my asshole as much as I can, so he can force his tongue in there. Yeah, I'm open now, and his tongue is moving in and out of my asshole. He's fucking my asshole with his tongue, Sir, and I fucking love it, Sir. I hope he never stops fucking it into my asshole!"

"Suck my prick, son. Suck on this cop meat while your uncle fucks your ass with his tongue. Suck on that foreskin. Suck out those juices in there. Force that skin back with your lips and tongue. That's it. Good boy. Good cocksucker. Take my balls out of my pants. Yeah, suck my balls for a while. Suck that nut in there. Try to suck it right off my dick. Oh yeah, boy. Suck that other one now. Suck it right off my dick. Atta boy. Back up on my dick now, son. I got some juices for you to lick up."

The kid is juicing too, heavy. It's sliding down his dick and dripping off his balls onto my face. I'm getting high on his asshole. I could go on licking and sucking and chewing and tongue-fucking his hole for hours. His ass and my face are drenched in my spit and his juices, and the wild aroma is adding to my high.

Sarge takes his dick out of the kid's mouth and slides it up and down the kid's face, lifting his balls so the kid can lick under them.

"I think you need some juice up your hole, kid, farther than your uncle's tongue can go. You think you need some heavy juice up your hole?"

> *He increases his speed. He's really a hot fucker now. His ass stops making circles, starts making short, direct thrusts.*

"Yes, Sir."

"Did you ever take a cop's load up your ass, kid? A six-foot-two cop with a hot nine-inch prick and a heavy pair of balls full of come, full of cop come? You think you can handle that?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You think your uncle's tongue has got your hole open enough for my prick, son?"

"Yes, Sir."

"We got to show your uncle how grateful we are for wetting up your hole that way with his tongue so I

"Yes, Sir."

"I want you on your hands and can slide my cop dick in there, right?"
knees, son, with that pretty young ass of yours sticking up in the air like it's begging for my dick. Your uncle's gonna come up here where I am, and you're gonna suck on his fat prick while I'm plowing mine up your asshole. Can you do that, son?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You're a good boy. Okay, Unc, take your tongue out of the kid's asshole. I'm gonna cop-fuck him. Climb up here, Unc."

I hate to leave the kid's asshole, but the sarge has been writing a good script so far, so I decide to trust him. I lift the kid's ass off my face and take the sarge's place.

The kid is spacey on the sex of it: the rimming and sucking and the sarge's talk. He looks like there's nothing inside him but room for pricks and the come they're gonna shoot into him. He gets on his hands and knees. My prick is hitting his cheek. The sarge is running his middle finger around the kid's asshole. He slides the finger in. The kid groans with pleasure and moves back onto the finger. The sarge slips a second finger in, and the kid groans louder and sicks my prick into his mouth.

"How's your uncle's dick taste, son?"

Sonny nods his head up and down but doesn't let go of the dick. His ass is fucking on Sarge's fingers, but Sarge removes them and starts running his shaft up and down the spit crevice of his cheeks. Sarge places the head of his dick against the kid's hole, slips back his foreskin and slides the raw head in. The kid's mouth stops tasting my dick for a minute while his asshole tastes the sarge's dick.

"That's just the head of it, son. You got another seven and a half inches coming to you."

Sarge grabs the kid's hips and feeds him the shaft inch by inch. When he touches bottom, he moves it out just as slowly, head and all, then pushes the head back through the asshole and begins the whole process again. I pick up the same action on the kid's face. Sarge and I are slow-fucking him from both ends. Sarge reaches under and grabs the kid's dick.

"Did you come, kid?"

Sonny shakes his head "no" on my dick.

"You got a fuckin' load of lube juice there!"

The sarge starts picking up speed. I match him. The kid's throat is as open as his asshole, and I'm sliding easy, feeling him breathe around dick when there's room. Sarge's breath is getting faster. He increases his speed. He's really a hot fucker now. His ass stops making circles, starts making short, direct thrusts.

"Get ready for that lumberjack load in your throat, kid, and this cop load up your asshole!"

Sarge's tongue is hanging out of his mouth. He's looking at my hot face. He knows I'm ready to shoot on cue.

"What's all that wet on your face, Unc?"

"The kid's ass juice, his lube juice and my spit that you're fucking in right now, cop. Kid-fucker cop."

He grabs the back of my neck in his hand and pulls my head over. He sticks out his tongue and laps up the juice around my mouth. He sticks his tongue in my mouth and down my throat. We're pumpin' fast now, rammin' them home, dick-fuckin' the kid and tongue-fuckin' each other's mouths. He roars into my mouth and starts unloadin' his cop come into the kid's ass. I roar right back and heavy-fuck the kid's throat, shootin' thick, hot wads of come into him. The kid's body is spasming like a motherfucker beneath us, and I know he's dropping his load.

The kid has taken a terrific rammin' at both ends. This is heavy-duty action for an eighteen-year-old of limited experience but he seems to take to it like a squirrel to nuts.

My dick is still hard in his throat. He eases off a bit but holds the head in his mouth catching the after-spurts. Sarge begins to ease his cop prick out of his asshole.

"You come, son?"

Sonny nods on my dickhead. Sarge reaches under and grabs the kid's shaft.

"Still hard as a fuckin' rock, you little cocksucker!"

Sarge withdraws his prick all the way. It's still semi-hard and looks fatter than when it went in. It's drenched with his come. Come drips from the head. He sticks his finger in the kid's ass.

"It's sure wet in there now, Uncle Timberjack."

"That's the way you wanted it, Sarge."

"You know what I think? I think it's too wet now."

I know exactly where his mind is headed. He's called some pretty horny shots so far, and I'm ready to go right along and let him finish his movie.

"He'd drop that come all over the seat of your cab."

I say, "What can we do about that, Sarge?"

"Look, Unc, why don't we get back to where we started with the kid sittin' on your face. He said before he felt like you were tryin' to suck something out of there. Well, now there's something up there for you to work on."

I take the kid's head off my dick and say, "Take a break, kid. Get up here and put your ass in my hands again."

Sonny's wobbly getting to his feet. I take his weight as he sits on my palms, and I lower that battered asshole to my face. I'm so proud of the kid, I want to kiss it like I was delivering a medal. I hold the asshole a couple of inches above my mouth. The aroma of ass and spit and sweat and balls and come makes me fuckin' dizzy, and my dick is a full hard-on again. The ass is drippin' with Sarge's fuck juice. I catch some on my tongue and let the taste of it and my hot fuckin' mind take over. I manipulate my thumbs near the asshole, working out more of the come. I lower the asshole to my mouth and start lickin' and lappin' it up until it's clean and I need more. My tongue pokes inside, looking for the taste of fresh ass-come. I find it, but I'm too hungry for it to lap it out taste by taste. I start suckin' it out in healthy mouthfuls and let it flow into my throat. My dick is hard, but it's not demanding anything. I continue suckin' on the kid's ass and feel this great sense of peace and contentment wash over me. I shut out everything except me and my leisurely feast on this hot, young, exceptional asshole.

Sarge is talking again, but it sounds far off and doesn't concern me right now.

"Look at these nuts and cock, son. They're covered with come. I can't put them back in my pants that way, can I?"

I lift his joint and aim the stream at the plate. It sounds like a friggin' downpour on a tin roof in the quiet night. The piss washes the plate clean in seconds. I just play with the rest of it, squeezin' out jets, makin' circles. The stream ebbs to a dribble. I shake it and milk it till it's dry.

"No, Sir."

"Suck 'em clean for me, boy. Suck 'em clean, and get a taste of what your uncle's tastin' down there in your asshole."

Then the sarge shuts up, and it's just the sounds of the night and the woods and the kid and me suckin'.

We get out of the back of the pickup. Sonny and I are bareassed. The sarge's cock and nuts are still hangin' out of his pants.

I rub my hand through Sonny's hair and say, "Why don't you get yourself a beer?"

Sonny moves off to the cab, and Sarge says, "As for you, Unc, look at that license plate. How can a bike cop do his fuckin' job if you tree boys cover up the numbers with mud?"

"I'll wash it off, Sarge."

"Wash it off with this." He shakes his dick. "What kind of eye have you got?"

"I was a sharpshooter."

"See how you do with this gun."

"Is the bore straight?"

"Don't get smart-ass or I'll run you in."

I move behind him and take his dick in my hand. I regret that his dick and I never got it on. I've tasted his come now, but not his dick.

"Where the fuck's the ammunition, Sarge?"

"Give it a fuckin' minute. It's trying to push through the fuck juice."

"Horseshit, that kid doesn't leave any fuck juice."

"Here it comes."

I feel the piss moving through the canal before I see it. He's a heavy pisser. I lift his joint and aim the stream at the plate. It sounds like a friggin' downpour on a tin roof in the quiet night. The piss washes the plate clean in seconds. I just play with the rest of it, squeezin' out jets, makin' circles. The stream ebbs to a dribble. I shake it and milk it till it's dry.

Sarge says, "You got piss on your fingers."

I lick my fingers clean.

Sarge looks me in the eye. It's a new scene to him. It takes him a minute, then he smiles. He grabs the cheek of my ass in his big fist, squeezes it and hustles me back to the cab.

"You hot fuckin' dude," he says, "you're into everything, ain't you?"

"If you dine out with the right people, Sarge, everything they put in front of you tastes great."

"Pine Ridge, huh?" he says as I get into the cab. "I might just have to come by there now and then to make sure your plates are clean."

"That's your job, buddy."

"I'll bring a load of piss along in case they need washin'."

"That sounds like a smart move. Molson's a great beer, Sarge."

He laughs. "What if I'm on duty?"

"Ginger ale. Canada Dry."

Sarge moves up to his bike, stuffing his dick and nuts back into his pants. His headlight cuts into the darkness and the roar of his bike breaks the silence. He idles up to the cab and says:

"Sonny, make sure you're home early Sunday night. You got to start that job Monday."

"Okay, Pa." □

"MY FIVE YEARS AS A DOG"

33, WHITE MALE, 180
Seeks life as dog with leathered master owner. Into heavy B&D, punishment. Sk to be collard, caged, mind controlled, kenneled, used, tagged & kept as dog for life. Never again treated as human. Perm only. Must be able to handle animal safely & sanely. No games. "Kai" c/o 5402690'Farrell 306, S.F., CA 94620. Relocateable.

Postscript: Kai Finds New Master

In *MACH 6*, we published a nonfiction account called "My Five Years As a Dog." In his own words, Kai told the story of his departure from life as a man and his entry into existence as a dog. It was a graphic and sometimes shocking story, which ended when Kai was badly mistreated by his human Master and the two were separated.

Yet Kai continued to long for his previous life as a dog—and one of the reasons he was willing to tell his unique story was his hope that he might somehow find a new, more caring owner who could return him to his canine existence.

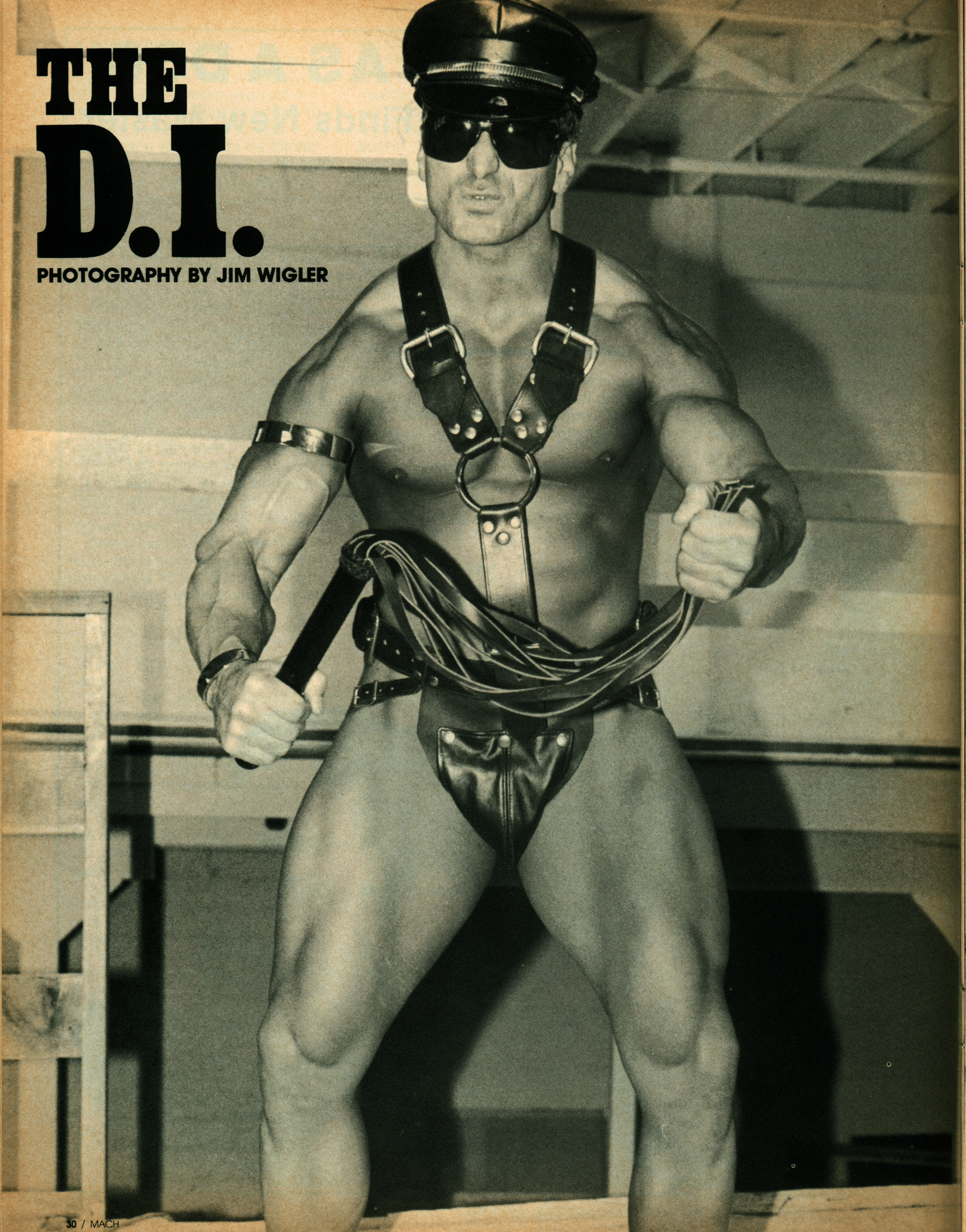
"My Five Years As a Dog" generated an unprecedented amount of response from our readers. Some contacted us by letter, believing that Kai's story couldn't be true, that it had to be a hoax. Others contacted Kai through the classified ad he placed in *DRUMMER* magazine—and one of these contacts has now become Kai's new Master. Kai has left his home in Northern California to begin a new life with his new owner in Texas—or rather, to resume his old life, his life as a dog.

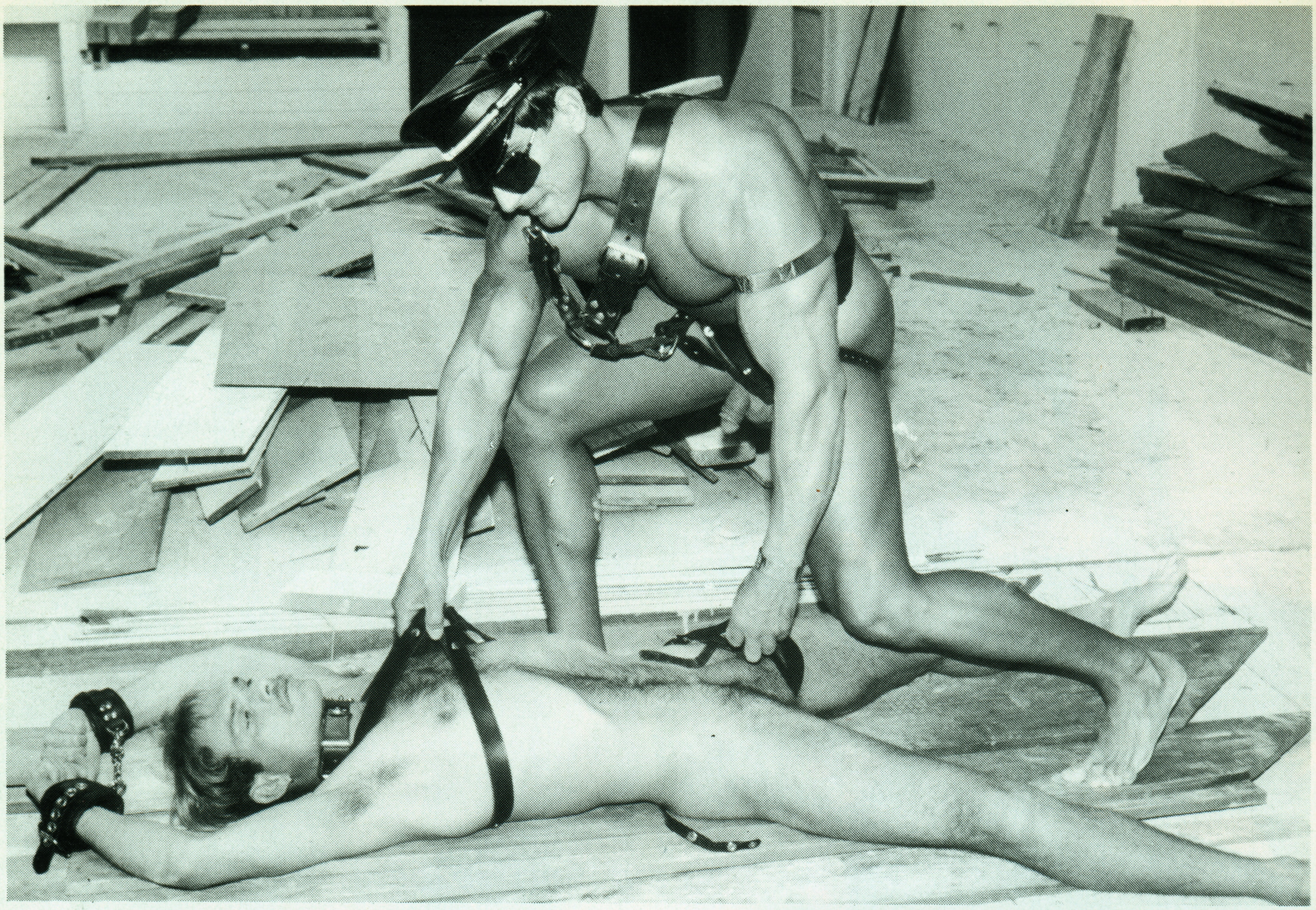
Any attempts to make contact with Kai should now be abandoned, for Kai, as a dog, cannot respond. But his new owner has plans to keep us informed of Kai's progress. He writes: "Kai's story that appeared in *MACH 6*, 'My Five Years As a Dog,' will continue. But the continuing story will be written in Houston, not by Kai himself, but by his new owner... There may be room in the next several years to take on something that has seldom been done successfully before: Fully training a human male to be a full-time, full-fledged canine for his Master's amusement, pleasure and pride."

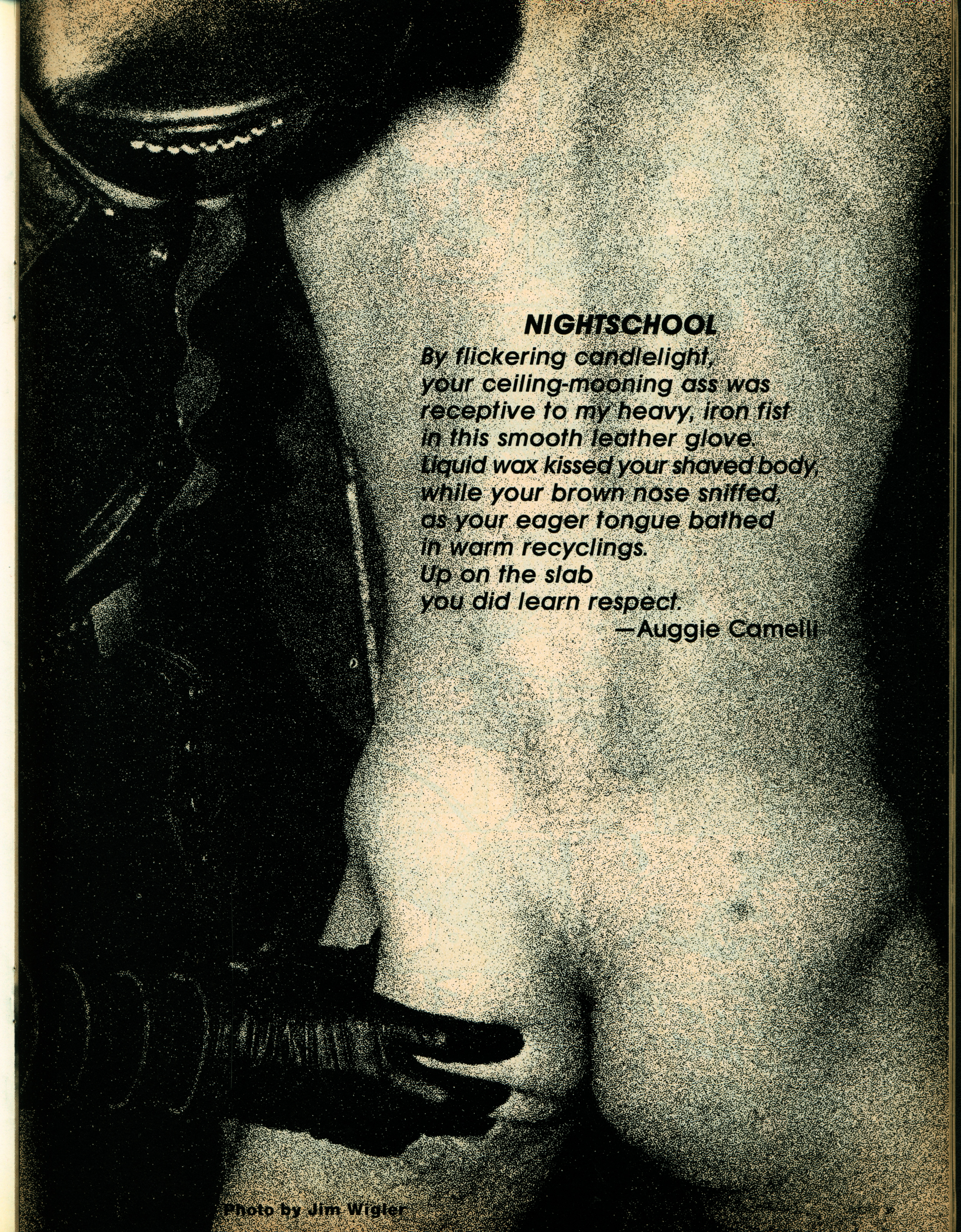
The above is a posed photograph for purposes of illustration only. Photo by Jim Wigler.

THE D.I.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JIM WIGLER





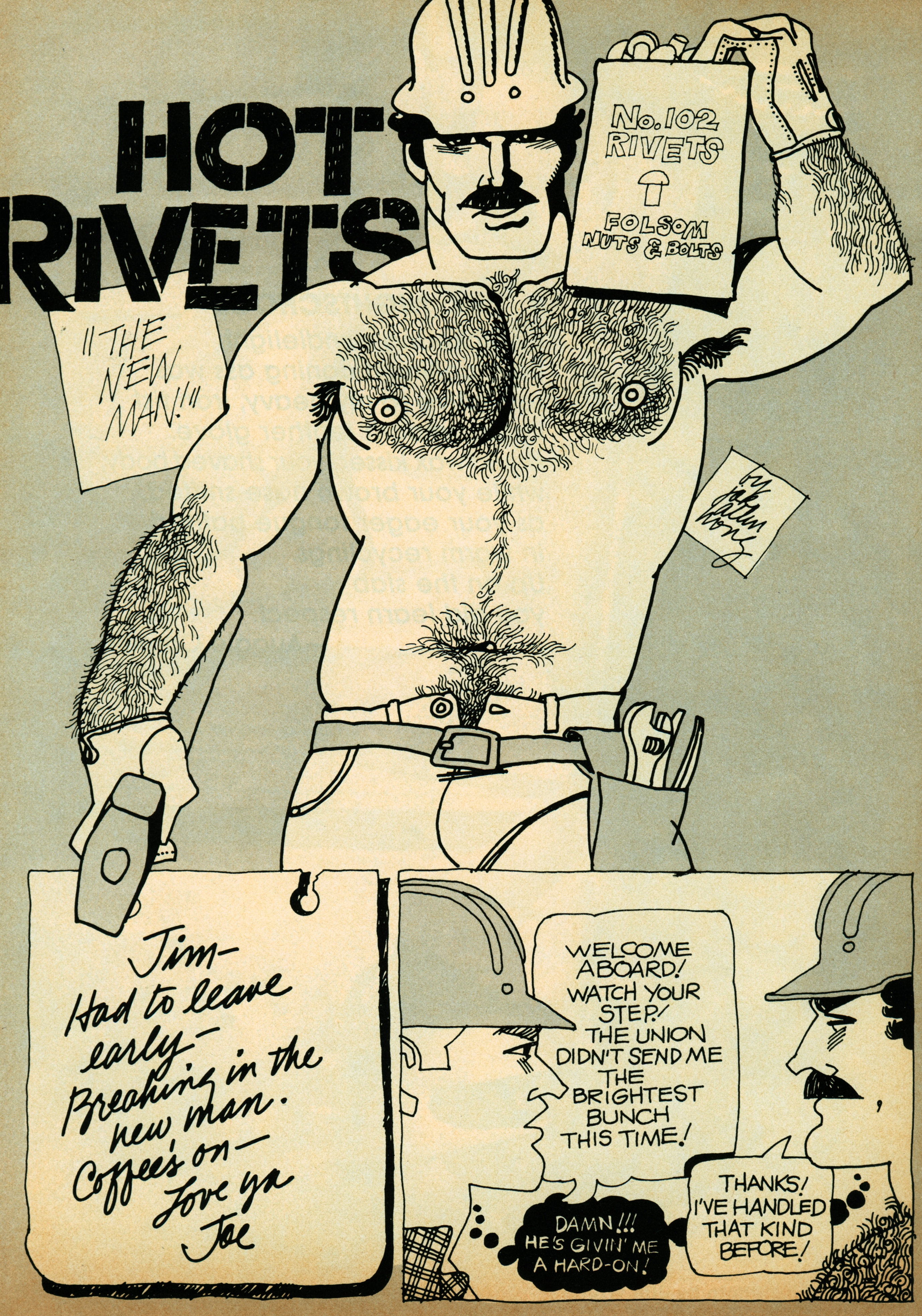


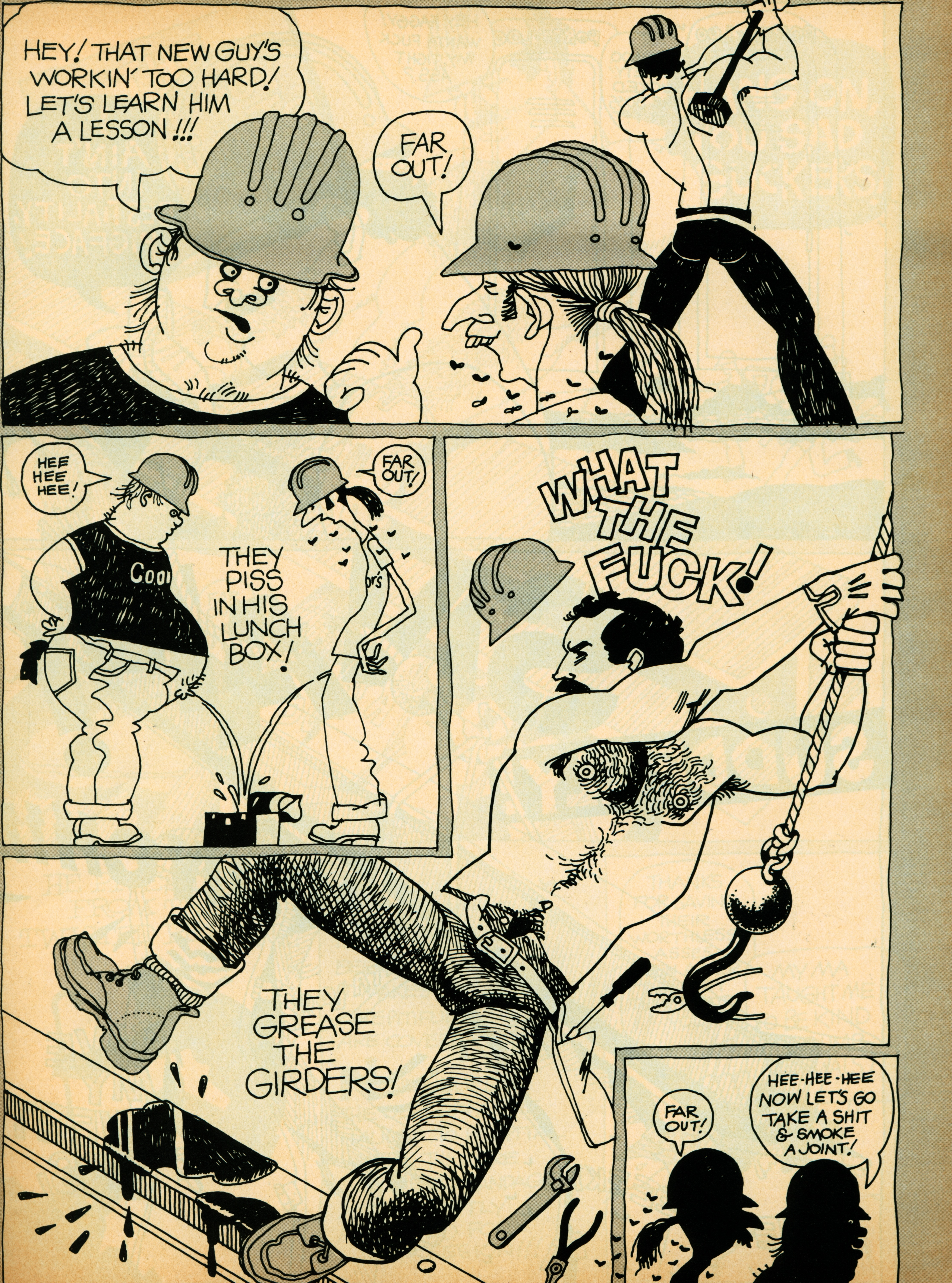
NIGHTSCHOOL

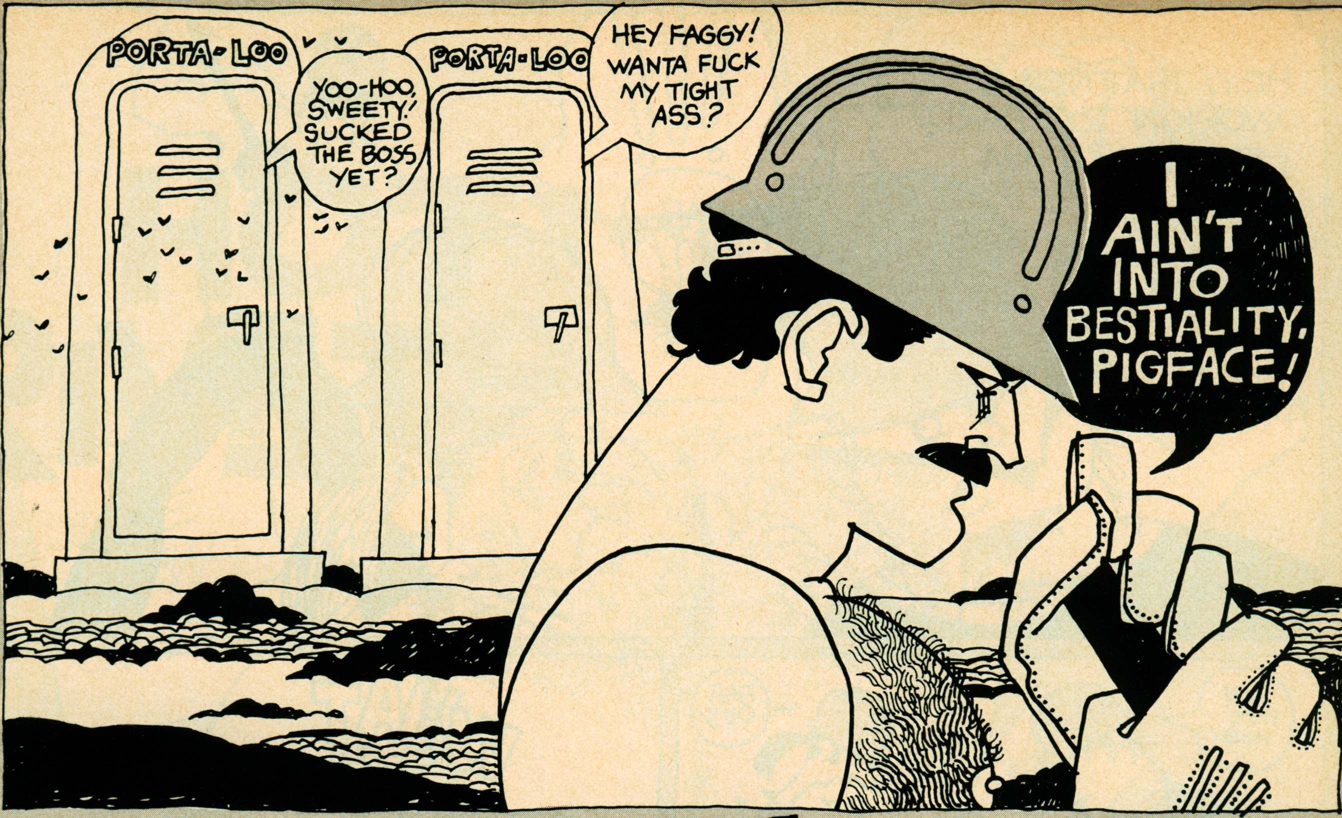
By flickering candlelight,
your ceiling-mooning ass was
receptive to my heavy, iron fist
in this smooth leather glove.
Liquid wax kissed your shaved body,
while your brown nose sniffed,
as your eager tongue bathed
in warm recyclings.
Up on the slab
you did learn respect.
—Auggie Camelli

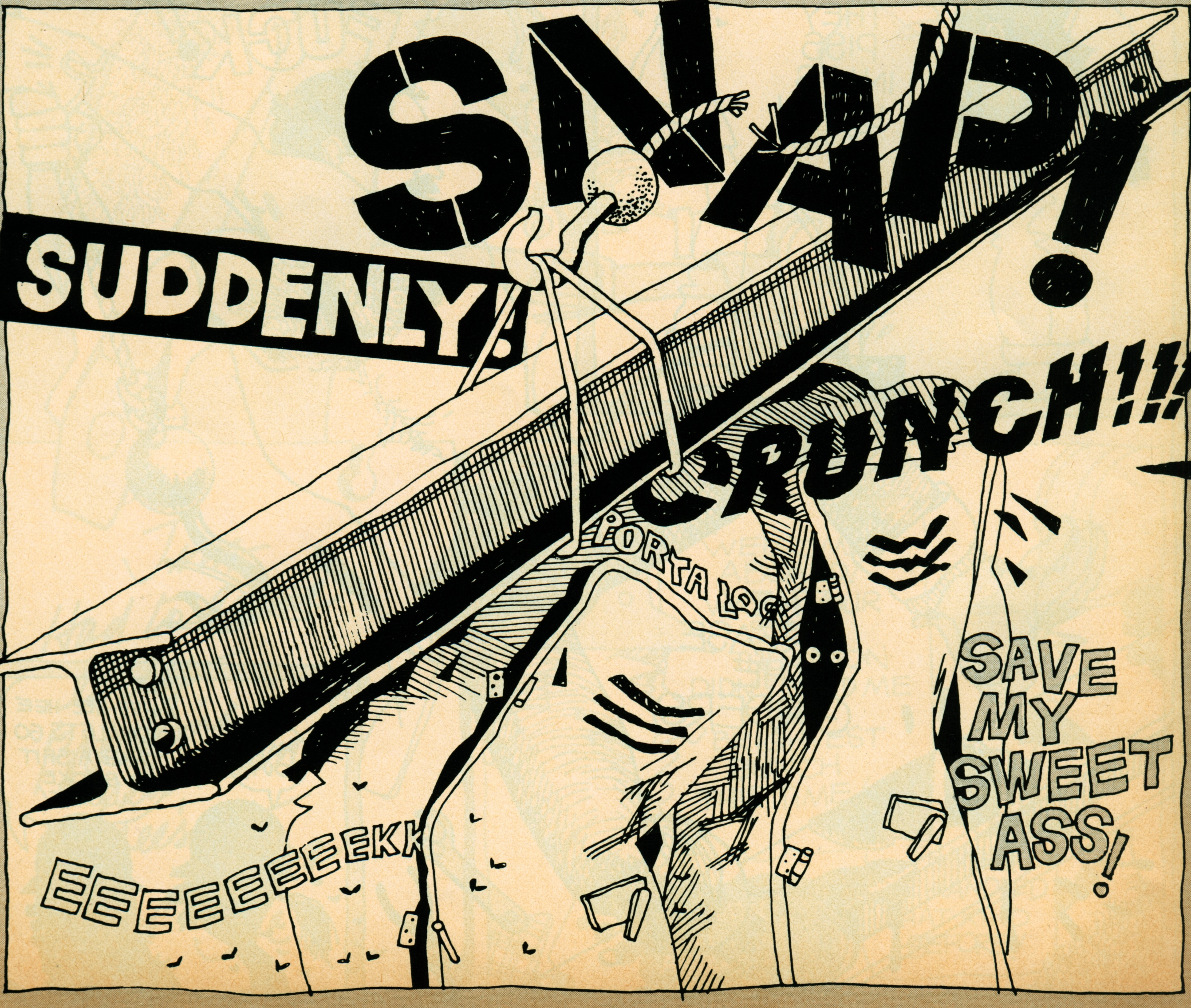
Photo by Jim Wigler

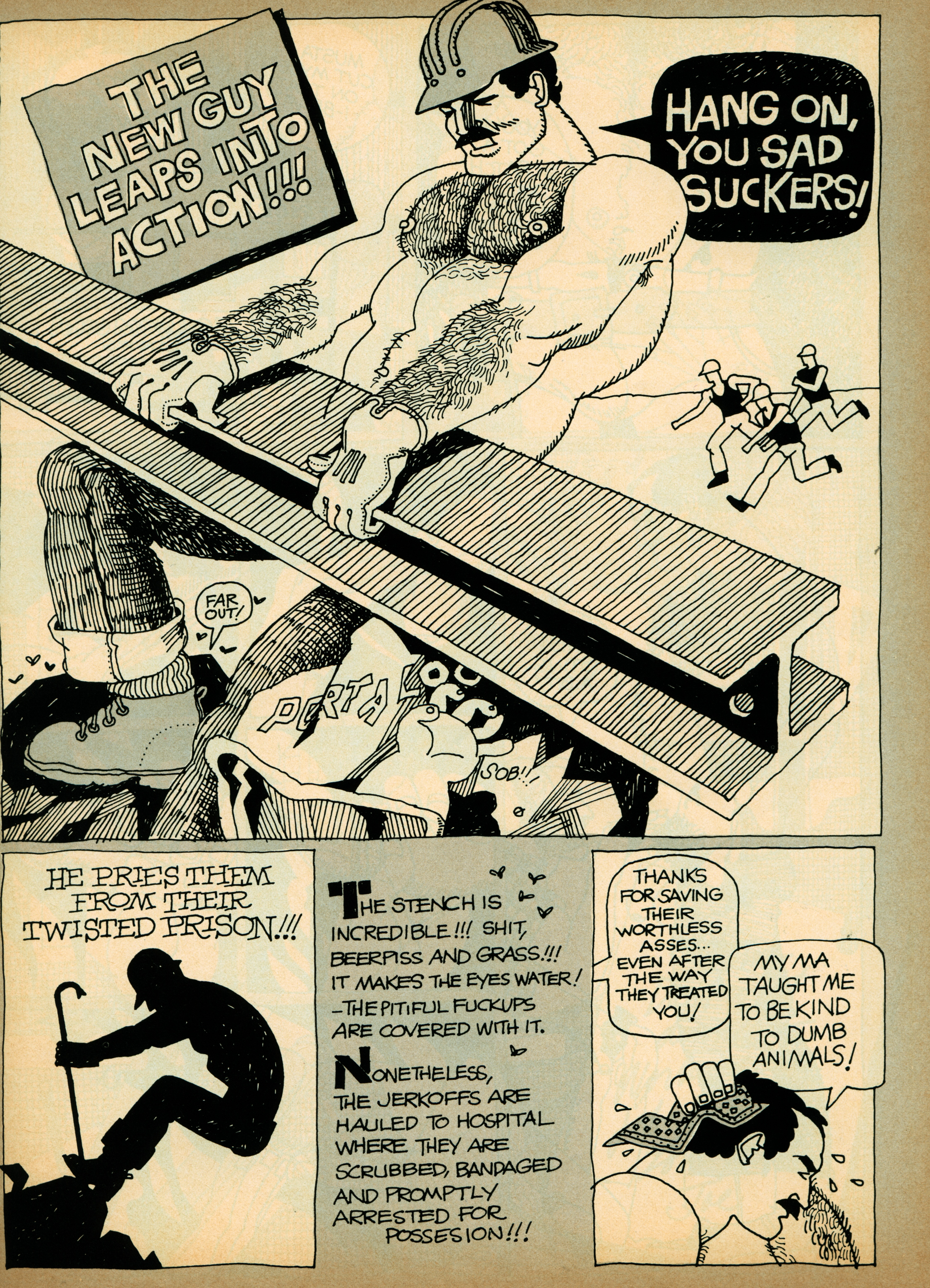
HOT RIVETS

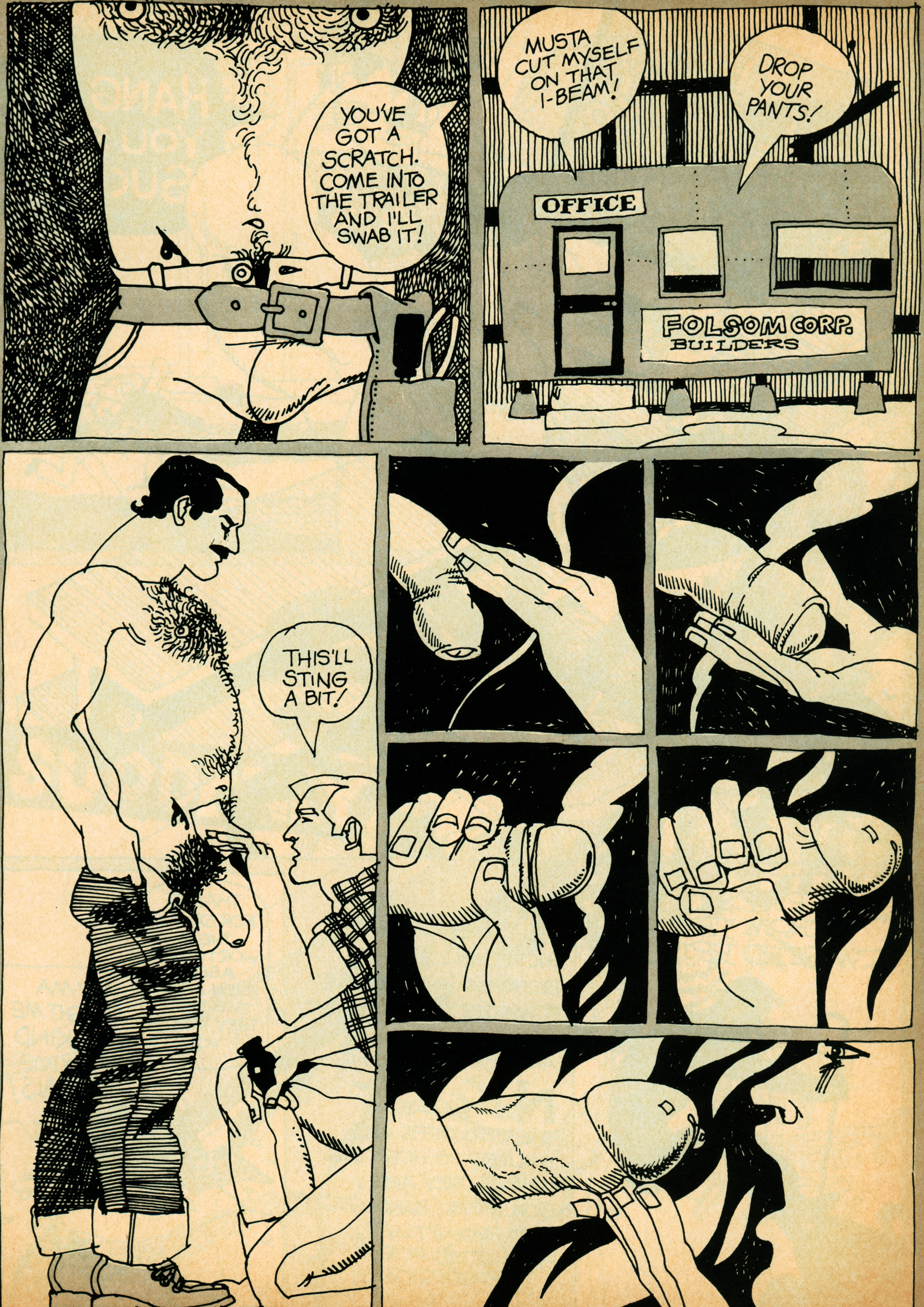

"THE NEW MAN!"
No. 102 RIVETS
FOLSOM NUTS & BOLTS
by Jake Allen Hong
Jim— Had to leave early— Breaking in the new man. Coffee's on— Love ya Joe
WELCOME ABOARD! WATCH YOUR STEP! THE UNION DIDN'T SEND ME THE BRIGHTEST BUNCH THIS TIME!
DAMN!!! HE'S GIVIN' ME A HARD-ON!
THANKS! I'VE HANDLED THAT KIND BEFORE!

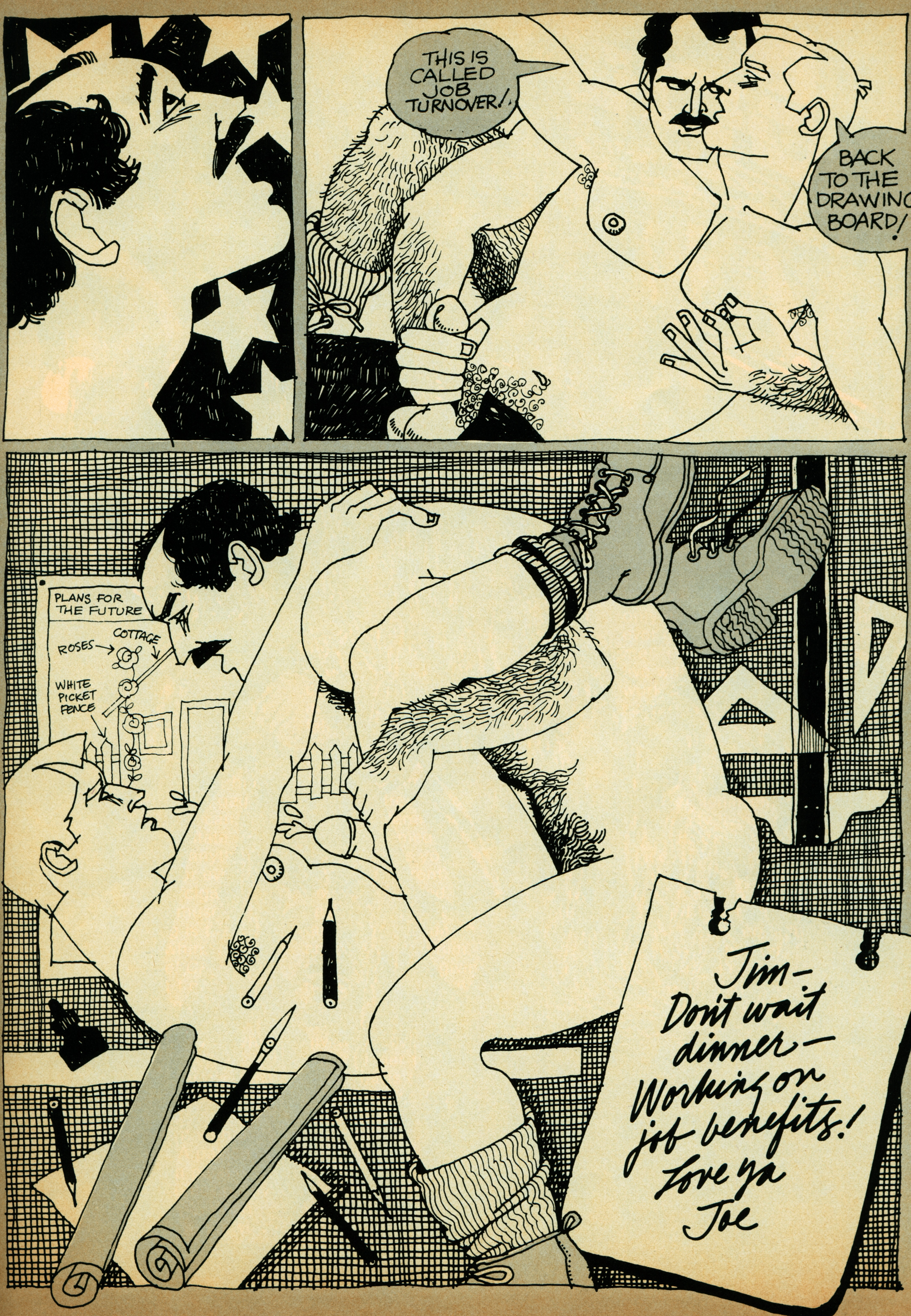

HEY! THAT NEW GUY'S WORKIN' TOO HARD! LET'S LEARN HIM A LESSON!!!
FAR OUT!
HEE HEE HEE!
FAR OUT!
Coo
rs
THEY PISS IN HIS LUNCH BOX!
WHAT THE FUCK!
THEY GREASE THE GIRDERS!
FAR OUT!
HEE-HEE-HEE NOW LET'S GO TAKE A SHIT & SMOKE A JOINT!

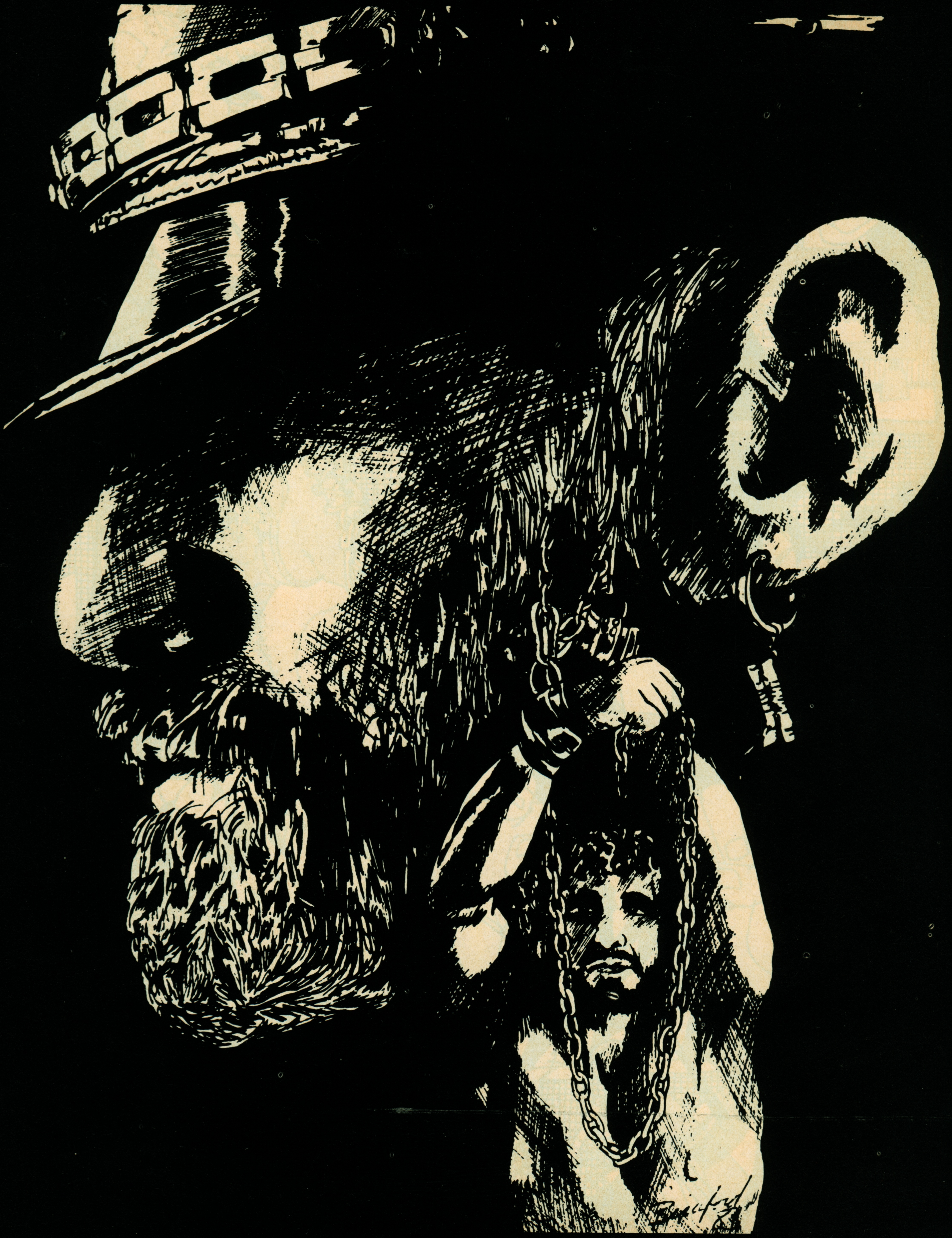

PORTA-LOO
PORTA-LOO
YOO-HOO, SWEETY! SUCKED THE BOSS YET?
HEY FAGGY! WANTA FUCK MY TIGHT ASS?
I AIN'T INTO BESTIALITY, PIGFACE!


SNAP!
SUDDENLY!
CRUNCH!!!
PORTA LOO
SAVE MY SWEET ASS!
EEEEEEEEEKK


THE NEW GUY LEAPS INTO ACTION!!!
HANG ON, YOU SAD SUCKERS!
FAR OUT!
PORTA
SOB!!
HE PRIES THEM FROM THEIR TWISTED PRISON!!!
THE STENCH IS INCREDIBLE!!! SHIT, BEERPISS AND GRASS!!! IT MAKES THE EYES WATER! –THE PITIFUL FUCKUPS ARE COVERED WITH IT.
NONETHELESS, THE JERKOFFS ARE HAULED TO HOSPITAL WHERE THEY ARE SCRUBBED, BANDAGED AND PROMPTLY ARRESTED FOR POSSESION!!!
THANKS FOR SAVING THEIR WORTHLESS ASSES... EVEN AFTER THE WAY THEY TREATED YOU!
MY MA TAUGHT ME TO BE KIND TO DUMB ANIMALS!


YOU'VE GOT A SCRATCH. COME INTO THE TRAILER AND I'LL SWAB IT!
MUSTA CUT MYSELF ON THAT I-BEAM!
DROP YOUR PANTS!
OFFICE
FOLSOM CORP.
BUILDERS
THIS'LL STING A BIT!


THIS IS CALLED JOB TURNOVER!
BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD!
PLANS FOR THE FUTURE
COTTAGE
ROSES
WHITE PICKET FENCE
Jim- Don't wait dinner- Working on job benefits! Love ya Joe



not a castration story

by Jan Toledo

PART I, Roger Speaking:
Transcribed from Tape Recorder by Lon.

The loony-bird wanted me to castrate him. I suppose that's one of the things that's fun about him: I can take anything I want from him—even things that hurt so much he can't lie still. (No, it's more than that: When I want him to be still and do without a gag and without restraints we can usually work him into a state where he lovingly gives anything without batting an eye or even shaking the ash off the cigar I give him to smoke while I amuse myself.) The nice thing is that he never (almost never) whines to be serviced: *"Castrate me! Castrate me!"*—that's one thing I never heard. Still, I knew sometimes when it was crossing his mind. The first few times it was fun when he thought about it and shuddered—and then got his mind back onto giving to me what I wanted...

But what would I want with a man without his stuff? A palace guard, maybe, if I had a palace. But I don't waste the center of my attention on the servant-eunuch that likes to come over when we've got guests. He's really been castrated. He likes to play the slave who measures the drugs and cues the music and the lights on signal at the right time and wipes up the vomit from the new kid from the suburbs who's bit off more than he can throat and cleans up and puts away and covers us up when we fall asleep and tiptoes off to his own box. (Question: He's a whole different personality. Would I have done it to him if he hadn't come by here already docked? Or did he have a different personality before he got trimmed out on the coast when he was younger?)

Lon's different. He's the kind of lover I've wanted. I've enjoyed five years of pulling him farther and farther open, pulling myself closer and closer into him. He's become more and more giving; more and more able to give not just what I want, but to give it hard or easy—give it the way I want it given, so that we can really snuggle together for the bread-and-butter parts of life.

I wouldn't want to have 24 hours a day to do what I want. I like having other things to do. It's fun meeting people in purely business ways. But I wouldn't want a job to take up more that 40 hours a week! Lon needs his other life too: friends of his own, non-sexual places, money he's earned. I'm not sure why I feel this way. I don't think that if he was allowed to see only me—harem style—that he'd ever get whiney: *"Fulfill me! Fulfill me!"* (You can tell I've had people live with me before who didn't work out.) Maybe we'd get tired of each other, but I don't really think so. Maybe being "real people" part of the time with "real" outside lives—maybe that's part of our fantasy life that we're fulfilling. My need for achievement is in my day-to-day living, not in my job or my "outside" status or my "success."

I guess it's just that I like that mood-rearrangement time when Lon and I go from the real world (where you're not allowed to rape and rearrange people's bodies and minds) to that place where we can "tear our pleasures with rough strife/through the iron gates of life." Twice a month, usually, when we've got the next couple of days and nights free, we do rearrangement time. I keep my clothes on and count on getting another couple of hours of work done while I watch him squirm. (Sometimes I go out and socialize, when I can find a baby-sitter that I can trust to watch over Lon.) He plans on being given something too fast and too heavy for him to adjust to without restraints. Something that lasts long enough for him to quit waiting for time to pass. It's fun to watch; I've learned a lot about pain—things that he doesn't know—by watching him. If we do the mood-rearrangement with no drugs, then neither of us needs as much drugs later when we go on to the main course of the encounter.

Well, different relationships need things done in different ways. Lon's body has been altered in a way that reminds him of why I didn't want a simple castration. I wanted him to keep all his gear, even if he couldn't use it. It was mine to play with.

(I suppose each eunuch is different, but my mind doesn't turn on to fucking 57 different varieties of eunuchs. Each man's gear is different—once a guy really gives it to you to do with it what you want, when he starts soaring with each new needle instead of flinching or worrying, then you see the differences. How he twitches around his gear is part of his personality. You see now why I'm wary of too many drugs. I like to know a guy well enough so that he really is giving it to me, not just forgetting about his worries for a while.)

This story is supposed to tell you about an idea for a body alteration that some others of you may want to try, not the same way we did it but in the way that works with your relationship. It's not for strangers or one-summer stands. Maybe one guy can do it to himself, but I'm doubtful.

Let me call him in here, and I'll demonstrate into this recorder what I get from his rearranged body. Then I'll have him write up his memories of how he happened to get rearranged. Then he can transcribe this part that I've dictated.

[A bell rings. Over the intercom: "Lon, come here as soon as you can be free for a half hour or so."]

Okay, ladies and gentlemen: he's taken off his pants. You've got to imagine an ottoman and a fireplace like the place at Roissy where O first gets her arse fucked. Lon is bent over, looking into the fire, and I'm lifting up on his guiche ring. Behind it, between it and his arsehole, is a slit I've made into the back end of his piss tube—big enough to slide my pintle into after I KY it. In, behind his balls, then into what used to be the piss tube in his cock. His tube is tight, like an arsehole, but tight the whole length of me. Not just tight rings of muscle at the beginning, then loose for a ways, and then more tightness at the end when I'm almost all the way in and my knob is starting to probe the higher places. This is tight from beginning to end. Custom stretched to fit me. Tight till the knob at the end of my pintle pops through the the knob at the end of his, and I feel it stretch the foreskin off his knob. Nice soft foreskin around my knob. Foreskin on knob not so tight as the tightness on the shaft. *"Nitrite? Give me a whiff."* Pull back into that tightness. Slow. Almost out. Back in. *Pop:* foreskin again. Lon, you don't need to transcribe the rest of this session...

Okay, Lon: Pick up with this sentence when you transcribe the tape. Let them know that you liked getting your frenum pinched through the foreskin after you came, that you near went crazy when I kept playing with your cock after you came, that your come is all around the shaft of my cock back where I stuck it into you. I pull on the guiche ring a few more times and get a few more big drops of come—rub them over next-door onto the arse hole.

I want you to type up your account of how this extra fuck hole got pierced and stretched into you—why I knew you'd like it, why I like it, how it feels to be the way you are. Transcribe this tape and look over it, only after you write up your version.

I touch his back hole, and it winks at me. *"We play heavy Thursday night?"* Okay, I want this written up for me to read during mood-rearrangement time then. Where are we going for dinner tonight?

• • •

He typed out the rest, but I'm deleting it. We cleaned up, went out, came back, and went to bed. We did some vanilla sex back and forth and went to sleep. Work the next day. It's now Thursday, and he's "smiling" at me while I revise. He's in no position to say anything. It's mood-rearrangement time. While he was showering the other day, I dictated one more question onto the tape: *"Lon, have you enjoyed writing this up for publication? Answer me at the end of your account."*

PART II, Lon Writing:

Some of you don't know what it's like to be committed to a man—your man. I used to go for a weekend and get my butt and back beat and grovel for more. If I was lucky I'd get a lot of cock, for my mouth and hole sure got hungry after a good beating. Some people whip slow and sexy, some just whip stupid, some whip mean and angry. I'd usually get pretty horny. It was during that time that I found how sweet a fist can be. I was lucky, I guess, in the men I ran into, who broke me in to how sweet it is to give the man whatever he wants.

The electricity was there—sometimes. But a week or two later, sometimes after half a year of "scenes" with one man or another, it would strike me how incompatible I was with the guy I'd been servicing /serviced by: I wasn't going to give myself, body and soul, to any one of them. With Roger I slowly realized that he had the price of my soul.

I used to talk about the joys of mutual relationships: I'll do it for you and then you can do it for me—that's one kind of trade back and forth. Another kind is where a guy pushes you past your limits, and you don't say anything. You just plan on letting him feel it someday, and then remind him, "Payback is a mother!" That's not where I live now. I don't expect to ever live there again. I belong to Roger. It's a many-way relationship.

I service him. He's a man. He asks for (or takes) whatever he needs to feel good. He likes to play with pain. He's edgy about using his own body for pain: it's fun for him to play with pain through my body—what sometimes feels like it just "used to be" my body. We don't play much with him doing the giving, the letting go. (No, that's not right: he *gives* me the feelings I crave, gives me the pain, he *lets go* his inhibitions about making me hurt. That's the kind of giving and letting go that I have the hardest time with: giving pain to someone else, much less to him, letting go of my inhibitions against taking what I want.) I guess there are kinds of giving each of us finds hard to do. He can give me what I need to feel. I can give him what? Availability? I don't know what he does get from me, I guess. But something keeps pulling us closer and closer.

I suppose castrating me was my idea. He likes to dish out pain. It's easier for him to give it to someone he loves. It's easier for him to give it to me, he says, because he knows I want to give him whatever makes him feel good. I can make him the gift of the pain, filtered through my body: just the nice parts of the pain, just me threshing around, screaming that I should never have gotten into this, and him smiling down, enjoying every moment, feeling what pain is really like without having to feel the pain through his body. Making it all worthwhile for me. Or sometimes I'm just in another place: I feel the pain and he doesn't want me to blink an eye and I don't need to flinch. I can just give and give.

Take one ball at a time. Take part of a ball at a time. Take my cock off in pieces. Split it open down the middle. Split a hole through the middle. Did he want to? Well, maybe. Maybe not. "Pretty permanent," he commented one breakfast, and he wouldn't prolong the conversation. Still, there's that feeling when I open my legs and just want to give: "Really make it your cock. I don't need it." He'd tie it up, cock and balls. I didn't need to know whether I was going to get them back still attached to me or not.

Roger has these funny L-shaped metal rods that were designed back in the days when a piss-tract would have to be stretched out to normal after a guy had had the clap. Mostly, the tip of the smaller end reaches far enough to just start to force open the sphincter muscles from the bladder—it mixes up the sensations of having to piss and having to come. Too thick a rod hurts the whole length while it stretches, like the times when you force a thicker ring into a nipple piercing. After a couple of weeks it quits hurting, and you have a looser hole. Roger has sort-of flexible rods that he would leave in for eight hours at a time. He kept increasing the size of the ones he used on me for my pain session twice a week till I was taking one a good bit bigger than his thumb. But it wasn't until after he'd cut another hole for me to piss out of that he could leave them in for a month at a time, like you do when you're enlarging a chest piercing.

Twice a month, usually, he gags me and strings me up with more misery on tits and cock and balls or whatever than I can quite give him for longer than I can control myself without restraints. I get the restraints to start off with on these sessions. Then he'll do his evening's work where he can look over and watch me while I can't maintain. It gets him hornier and harder than anything I can do with my mouth. He says it's like every jerk of my body is a caress. It always seems to last till I lose track of time, till something in me gives up trying to hold out till it's over.

I don't know that it opens me up better than a good beating, but it's probably less work for him, and I'm usually open to giving him whatever he wants when he takes me down. He complains, sometimes, that I'm too cuddly afterwards. He says he has to put a little bit of the spurs and stretch back on me to fire me up enough to give him an exciting ride. Or he brings some other friends in.

This one night when I was tied back (which is nothing unusual) he didn't play with the rod much after it was in: just taped it to my belly and then moved my hands down to the floor in front of my feet and left my butt way up in the air. The ring in my guiche was up about the highest part of me. He pulled out on it and attached it to a pulley that kept pulling on it. I'm embarrassed to admit that I don't remember very well what-all went on that night. (He didn't warn me that I was going to need to give a report on it a couple of years later.) There was a lot of whipping of my butt and thighs and in between my legs. I guess there was some blood drawing with razor carving, and I lost count of how many needles went through where. What he kept telling me was to be still and accept, and that was what I wanted to do. I wasn't only doing it so he could be proud of me. I just felt like giving him whatever he wanted, without knowing what that might be. I don't think the idea of castration crossed my mind that night.

It was when he'd pulled the rows of needles out of the sides of my cock and thighs, and put a flexible thing up my cock in place of the metal stretcher and taped it to my belly, and sprayed alcohol cold on my body, and we'd stood up and hugged and kissed a while and I'd got my balance back so I could stand on my own, and I still didn't realize what had happened. He told me to squat down and piss on the floor drain while he held my hands so I wouldn't tip over because my legs were still wobbly.

Then I realized, sort-of, what had happened. It stung like the devil when I left the piss loose (but so had a lot of things that night), but I was pissing squatting down like a woman and the piss was gushing out between my legs through the new slit he'd made just behind my guiche ring and where the other end of the flexible rod that went into my cock was now coming out. The piss was coming out that same place the rod was—back of my balls—because from there on through my cock the piss tube was blocked with this thick stretcher rod. He took some pictures.

Then I realized why he'd made such a fuss about photographing me pissing against the pillar before we'd started, why he'd been photographing me pissing out of my little dick for the last few weeks. He didn't tell me that it was going to be the last time in my life I'd ever piss like a man. I've gotten used to squatting now.

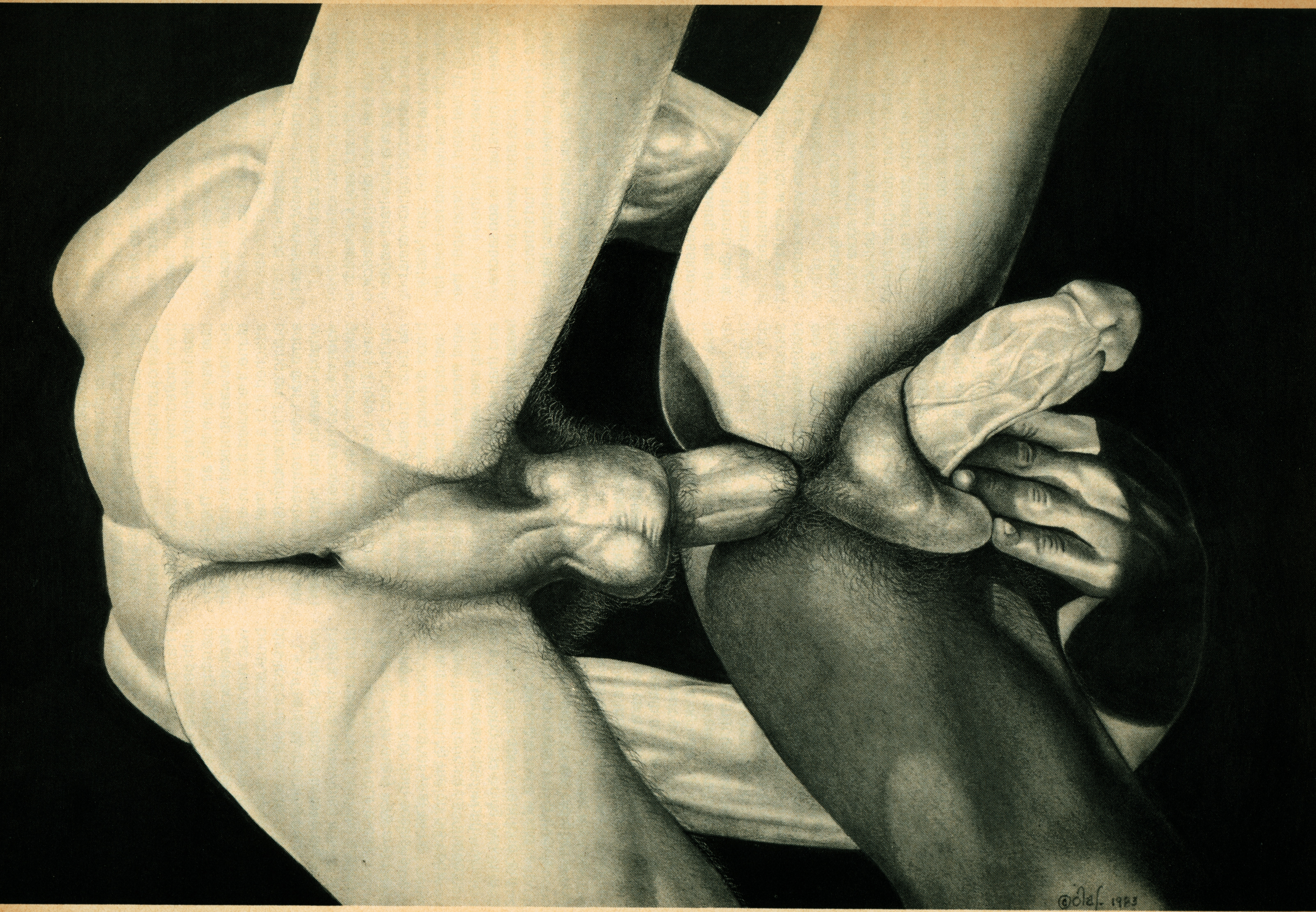
It took about three weeks till the new hole had healed enough around the stretcher that it didn't burn when I had to piss. I washed it sometimes with peroxide like I did the guiche piercing when it was new. The hole healed open because the stretcher was in it from the one side and because it was the only place for the piss to come out from the other side.

Like I said, by the time that he cut me I was stretched to take bigger than a thumb up my piss hole. It took about another year with me getting a bigger twenty-four-hour-a-day stretcher put in every now and then during one of our pain sessions—it took about another year till he started stretching me on his cock. (Roger has a formula for "allowable percent increase per month" when he's stretching a piercing. Ask him about it.) His cock is real long, but not too thick. Maybe it would've taken even longer with a thicker cock. He pulls on the old guiche ring to open the new slit and his cock goes in there and it's long enough to come out the end of my prick. He's done some cutting around the end of my foreskin to make it almost heal shut. I can't skin my knob out any more, but he can pop his knob through the end of mine when he's hard, and that lets him feel his knob enclosed by my foreskin.

Roger is cut, and angry about having been cut by his folks. He says this is one way to get a skin back when he wants it. He uses KY on me unless I've dripped a lot of precome. I come back behind my balls; it comes out through the new hole he made where I piss and where he sometimes fucks me. If I have sex with anyone else, that hole is only for Roger. He says he did the last stretching custom fit for just his pintle. That's what he calls his cock.

A few times he's fucked other people and things while inside me (including a cunt that I really didn't want to). The bottom of my cock is stretched pretty flabby, but the shaft at the top is more likely to get hard now when it doesn't have to. If he's hard in me, I'll get stretched out from foreskin to balls. And not having to worry about getting hard to please anyone—well, it happens I get hard sometimes.

Roger says I can go now. I've written enough. I didn't want to write this for others to read. It's okay, though, to print it. ☐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a measurement of waste

by Tim Barrus

I hate the word love. Fuck love. I know about rabid savage revenge. I know about animosity and venom. I know nothing about love. There was never a time when I thought that I knew anything about love. We live. We breathe. We fuck. We die. We convulse ourselves with revenge. We stumble across something acrimoniously virulent and we call it love. A measurement of waste.

It was seven thirty in the morning. I'd slept on the couch all night. Sitting at the table, gazing out the back window at the bitter New York landscape, I thought that the scene perfectly reflected my rejected mood. New York was grey. New York is always grey. As the sun rose in the east the last fragments of night drifted out to sea. My coffee was so hot that it burned the inside of my mouth. The last lights of night blinked off as the light of day made her alienated way across the face of New York. Ten million people would be gazing at the same scene, the same buildings, drinking the same coffee.

The blanket I'd slept in all night lay rumpled on the floor. The door to the bedroom was closed. I knew that Sean was in there. I'd heard him come home with someone. I'd pretended that I was asleep. They'd pretend that I was asleep. About four in the morning I'd heard Sean's key noisily rattle around inside the lock, the two of them making tracks for the bedroom. I made sure he was only bringing one home this time. I pretended not to hear for the rest of the night. I assumed that by now they'd be sleeping. I sat there looking at the closed door, envisioning what they looked like, smelled like together, wrapped in the exhausted unconsciousness of one another's arms.

The apartment was quiet except for the solid ticking of our antique hall clock. It somehow always made me feel conservative and basic, like I was somebody stable enough to actually have an antique hall clock. It looked as if it might belong to somebody's old great-uncle.

There are times when even New York becomes calculatingly quiet, when even the Puerto Rican faggots have passed out, and all the music ends because it's past time to go home. Even the Mineshaft closes. I looked down at the people on the street. It was cold. They were all wearing coats and hats. I could see their breath. It was the only reminder that they were all actually alive.

When I was done with the coffee I went over to the bedroom door and opened it. Both of them were asleep and on opposite sides of the bed. He, whoever he was, was sleeping on the right side. I always slept on the right side. It's the accumulation of little blows that builds up in your guts. Initially it's all little stuff. Small offenses. Ultimately it's outrage. Finally it becomes malicious. Eventually even that has it's own sense of passion.

I didn't really see my own sense of animosity as all that furious. I wasn't really in touch with any feeling of overpowering rage. It was quieter than that. I was never one to throw the dining room dishes. I simply went over to the bed and, more to satisfy my own innate curiosity than anything else, threw back their covers. Two naked bodies. Two naked men. One I knew intimately. Sean's cock was all shriveled up and hidden in his foreskin, the way it usually gets when he's drugged out, drunk out, and fucked out. He was curled up in a fetal position, his arms clutching the pillow to his chest.

He, whoever he was, slept the sleep of tricks, which is infinitely less secure than that of the master of the house. His eyes opened immediately and wanted to know who the hell I was, all the time really knowing who the hell I was. Having just come out of a sleep the last thing he expected was a fist in his face. I could feel the distinct crunch of his nose cartilage as my fist hit him squarely in the face. There was blood and there was yelling. And I threw him out stark naked into the hall. He said that I couldn't do that to him but I did. He was lucky to get his clothes thrown out after him.

If there was any one thing intrinsically irritating about Sean it was his refusal to ever acknowledge my rage. He simply pulled the blankets back over himself and invited me into the bed. My blood was boiling, and not knowing any other way to get through to him other than fucking him senseless, I fucked him senseless. Sean's butt-hole always had an ability to simply suck me into him, and I was always mixing up my rage with my come, depositing both within the sweet stinking confines of his bowels. Sometimes I thought that he was bringing home scum just to make me pump his bowels full of my rage. If he'd finally reached the point where he couldn't reach out to the world and feel anything anymore, there was always my rage. The acerbity of last resort.

I have always been possessed by Sean. I do not know what it is. I do not believe in love. If I believe in anything I believe in possession. I was possessed by him in every way. If I was losing him, I was also losing myself. It was that sense of amorous savage conviction that the world and the universe were pushing my well-ordered life straight to cheerless hell. There was never anything remotely light about being possessed or possessing Sean. Not unless you can find something light about the Mineshaft.

Like one hundred thousand and one other faggots we met at the Mineshaft. He looked like Mick Jagger dressed in leather, the long hair, the thin physique, and the bad attitude all rolled into one very good butt-fuck, and I was not looking for love, I was looking for a butt to fuck, there is a difference.

We have been together five years. You are not supposed to be together that long unless you're in love. But I don't believe in love. I believe in possession. One may lose one's temper, one may lose one's come up someone's butt-hole, one may lose one's sanity, but one does not lose being possessed. If love is simply passionate, possession is rabid.

illustration: Olaf

Sean had always been like this. He's a spitfire. A Son-of-a-Bitch. A querulous, petulant, immature child, with eyes as blue as the Aegean on a clear day at noon. But I wasn't betrothed, I was possessed. I fucked him that morning until he bled. He never uttered a sound. His fingers dug into the sheets until his knuckles turned solid white. And I fucked his bowels until a blood-red froth oozed from his hole staining our sheets like a Greek virgin on her wedding night. But then Sean always was a good one for cleaning up the blood, shitting out the come, and purging all of us from the fevered selfishness of his guts.

"You take it all too seriously," he'd say. "Just because I let them fuck me doesn't mean that I love them." Then I'd have to listen to another one of his lectures on polygamy, bigamy, monogamy, and the plight of the conjugal homosexual relationship. Then at night, wrapped in the sweat of my arms, he'd beg me to make him stop. To make him feel again. To make him want only me. To make him take me up his guts. Fool that I was, I would.

We had our good times too, although what I remember clearly are the hard times, the uninhibited bitch times. There were a thousand slow lunches, drinking champagne Sunday afternoon until noon turned to sunset and we turned to vodka. We even ran down Fifth Avenue in the rain once, hand in hand laughing like idiots because fate had just drenched Diana Ross with bucketfuls of rain. We used to go to the opera but Sean found it too difficult to get fucked at the opera. I do not know why.

But when my mind flashes on an image of Sean it's Sean at the Mineshaft. Sean through the blue haze of the smoke. Sean standing provocatively at the bar in his leather. Sean teasing me with his eyes. At once rejecting me, and at the same time daring me to come on to him. Sean getting fucked.

I cannot count the number of times I have seen Sean get fucked. The first time we met at the Mineshaft he was getting repeatedly fucked in his ass by three older serious bastards. Sean bent over with some guy's fat meat reaming and pumping slowly into him. Sean keeping his eyes locked onto me the entire time he was getting it. Sean getting fucked but looking at me. The message was that I wasn't any better than they were, and he was right. When they were through with him I fucked his dark butt-hole, the come practically gushing out of his anus. I wasn't looking for happiness. I wasn't looking for love. I was looking for a butt to fuck. There is a difference.

No one who lives in New York believes in happiness. Happiness exists for faggots who move to New Jersey, buy lace curtains for the kitchen, and serve fondue for their friends at tasteful weekend cocktail parties. Nobody goes to the Mineshaft looking for happiness. I took Sean home from the Mineshaft. He insists that I was looking for happiness.

"You're such a romantic," he said. "You're a flowers, perfume, and Valentine's Day faggot. You'll never change. You always remember my birthday. Christ! Not even my fucking mother remembers my birthday." And I'd feel guilty for remembering his birthday, December 2, 1950. I would swear to him that I did not believe in romance, that I didn't believe in love, and he always laughed. "You don't know what the fuck you want. When are you going to admit that you're just like the rest of us? Just as soon as you have what you want you don't want it. You're no better than the rest of us. You just think you are."

He was wrong. I knew what I wanted and had it. It was a matter of keeping him.

I tried playing fire with fire. A death warrant for any relationship. Instead of waiting up for Sean to come home one night, I went out on my own, bringing home my own trick, a young man who said that he was nineteen. The kid had one big bullwhacker for a cock, which I was sucking when Sean came in the door. Of course Sean ended up naked in bed with us, but I wouldn't let the kid fuck my lover until I had sucked every drop of come out of Sean's ass that I could suck out. I wanted to taste who he'd been with. I wanted to know why they were better than I was. The come in his ass was rancid, joyless, dispirited, taking on the taste that only old New York sperm can assume. I wanted to taste what it was that Sean really had to offer. I wanted to really feel it, to suck it out of his bowels, to take it from him for my own.

I decided to leave him. It was late afternoon. I'd returned home from work. Sean was missing, as usual. I poured myself some vodka, drinking it down warm and straight. And I left him. He used to say that I could never leave him. But I left him. I packed one bag and I left him. I left him the apartment. I left him the antique hall clock. I left him the photographs of us in Paris. I left him my books that he never read but always said he was going to. And I left him.

I took a subway uptown to the YMCA. There I was at the 42nd Street subway platform, holding on to my bag, trying very hard to look like the universe was not really falling apart. My head throbbed, and my mouth tasted like old vodka. Two hundred tired people waiting for a subway. I kept telling myself that everyone was not looking at me, that it was just the way I was feeling, that I'd feel better after I had a drink. But everyone was looking at me. Everyone was thinking, "Oh, there goes another faggot to the Y. Another perfectly happy couple bites the dust."

No one in New York believes in happiness. No one in New York believes in perfect couples. Perfect faggot couples live in Orlando, and serve pigs-in-a-blanket to their barbecue guests poolside, where everyone drinks frozen daquiries perfectly made in an electric blender. People in New York drink warm vodka and feel fancy if they happen to be using a glass, glasses, as everyone in New York knows, not being a necessity.

The room they gave me at the Y had a bunk bed. Perhaps they had some kind of sadistic need to remind me that there was nobody in my life to sleep in the top bunk. I thought about climbing up there but did not have the energy. Top bunks are for kids and for brothers. My brother lived in Los Angeles, and I hadn't seen him in six years. I drank some vodka from the bottle I had bought and wondered how my brother was.

New York went into night as only New York is capable of doing. Everything is buildings, and the world is surrounded by darkness. New York has an inherent distrust of the dark. It tries to light up every fucking corner. New York hasn't slept in six thousand years.

My brother in Los Angeles was surprised to hear from me. The phone booth was hot and airless. It smelled of vodka. He wanted to know "what was wrong." Why, I wondered, does anything have to be wrong? I told him that nothing was wrong, that I had decided to move to Orlando because I needed someone to hold me, that I had heard they will hold you in Orlando if you need them to. He wanted to know where I was. I told him that of course I was at the Y. Where the fuck else would I be? I was at the Y. I told him that nobody wanted to hold me at the Y, that I would be driving to Orlando, and did he remember that time when we shared a room, and we had that bunk bed, and we had that fight about who would sleep in the top bunk? He said that he didn't remember, and wanted to know if I was drunk. "But don't you remember that fucking bunk bed, damn it! Remember! I need you to remember!" I yelled three thousand miles at my brother whom I hadn't seen in six years. He asked me what was wrong. I told him that I would call him when I got to Orlando.

I left the Y. I just walked. There are always lots of people who walk in New York. They are all going somewhere. The ones with bags were all leaving their lovers. None of them believed in love.

Fifth Avenue is always easy to walk down. Fifth Avenue encircles the planet. If you start out walking on Fifth Avenue you will eventually end up where you once started. The very rich like Fifth Avenue. There is nothing quite like pre-Christmas on Fifth Avenue. Christmas itself is a drag on Fifth Avenue. But pre-Christmas always brings out the best in Saks, Tiffany's, and the like. The very rich like pre-Christmas. Christmas itself is a drag for the very rich. But they like pre-Christmas on Fifth Avenue which likes them in return. Fifth Avenue becomes crowded with the very rich at pre-Christmas. They like to gather around the windows at Bergdorf Goodman and watch the computerized elves sing computerized Christmas carols. They like to skate with their lovers at Rockefeller Center. Although New Yorkers do not believe in love, they like to skate.

I decided that I would get a room at the Plaza Hotel. Fuck the cost. I could afford it. I lived in New York. If I damn well wanted to stay at the Plaza Hotel I would damn well stay at the Plaza Hotel. The Plaza Hotel doesn't have bunk beds.

My room was warm. The bed was big and comfortable. Even the TV worked. "Of course the TV works, you fool," I said to myself, "This is the Plaza Hotel." I did not watch TV. I turned off the lights. I watched the bare naked trees of Central Park curse the cold. I drank vodka from a glass found in the bathroom that said PLAZA HOTEL.

The phone rang. It was startling as I certainly had told no one that I'd be staying there. I didn't know it myself. It was Sean. "How the hell did you know where I'd be?"

"Give me a break," he said. "If you are anything, you are predictable. Either you were at the Y, which you weren't, as I am currently at the Y and you aren't here, or, knowing you, you'd go to the fucking Plaza Hotel. And sure enough, there you are. When I saw that your bag was gone I realized that you'd left."

"Yes, I've left you."

"No you haven't. You'll never leave me. Not now. Not ever. I own your cock, I own your soul, and what's more, you know it. What is so frustrating to you is that while you are fucking my ass I am fucking your mind."

"I am leaving you."

"I always did want to spend the night at the Plaza." And he hung up.

I waited for him because I knew that he would arrive. He is probably the only person in the history of the Plaza Hotel to arrive dressed in full leather and carrying no bags.

"You're wearing your leather," I said.

"I like leather," he replied.

And for a while we watched the trees in Central Park cursing the cold darkness. Cursing Christmas. Neither one of us believed in Christmas. We sat there in overstuffed chairs. They have chairs in the rooms at the Plaza that you can sit in and watch the park if you have a mind to. We sat there drinking vodka. There was another glass in the bathroom. I was going to fuck him. I knew that I would do it. And I hated myself for that. He knew that I was going to fuck him. I hated him for knowing. And I hated him for knowing that I knew he knew. And I hated him for not hating me. How I hated him for that.

The beds at the Plaza Hotel are specially made. The very rich like to fuck. In fact they like to wallow in it. Sensuously, deliciously, melodiously, even cordially. The very rich fuck each other cordially. And they say please before they fuck, and they say thank you after they fuck, but they never say you're welcome because they already know that. The beds at the Plaza Hotel are for luxurious fucking. I fucked him luxuriously. I basked in it. Feasted on his ass. The beds at the Plaza Hotel are constructed with tasteful grace from the tender lips of virgins.

Sean has stayed with me because I am the only one who fucks him in such aching luxurious torture. I am the only one who fucks him out of martyrdom of pleasure. I do not believe in love. I am possessed. I fuck him out of torment, crucifying myself inside the stinking sweet confines of his moist rectum. I know every inch of his body. I know every pubic hair by heart. I have memorized him. I have torn him, beld into him, convulsed myself up his ass, and beat him to within an inch of his inaccessible life on more than one occasion. For lack of a more specific terminology, we are back together.

I hate love. Fuck love. Sean was asleep alone in the bedroom. I sat in the kitchen drinking coffee watching the sun rise over New York. New York owns the sun. They went out and bought it. It ensures the fact that it will rise over the city whenever the city chooses. The same people who run the subways now run the sun.

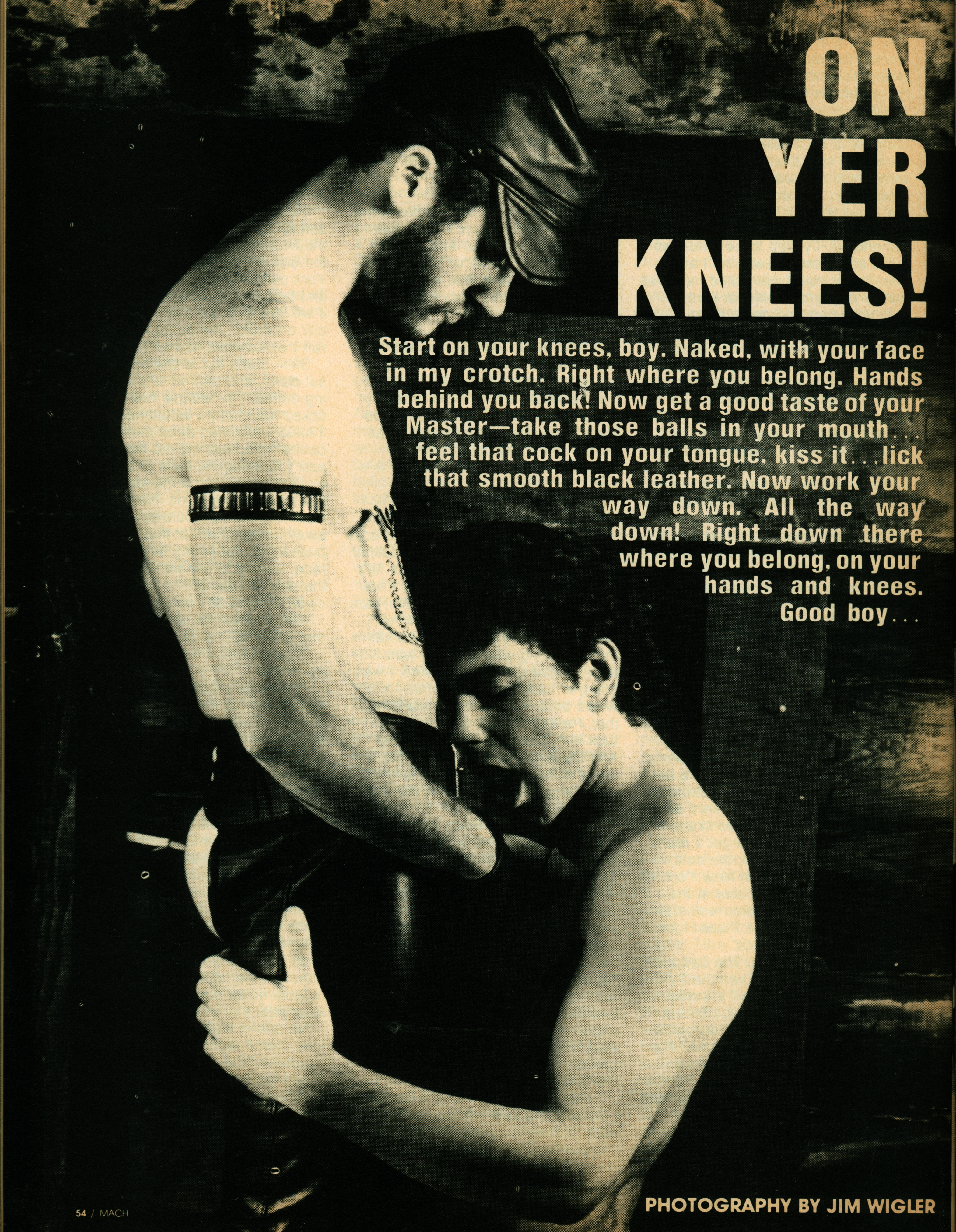
Sean came out of the bedroom, sat down, and poured himself steaming coffee. The antique hall clock ticked too loudly. I would have to get it fixed. I watched Sean drink his coffee. I had just fucked him in his ass. I had dug my nails into his back leaving long scratch marks, marks that said he was mine. He would heal. The marks would scab and go away. I hated him for that. He pushed his thick long hair out of his face, looking at me with those eyes that are as blue as the Aegean on a clear Monday at noon.

"You'll never leave me. You love me, you fool," he said.

"I hate love." I replied, and finished my coffee.

The same people who run the subways lit up the city that day with the sun. It was cold and you could see your breath. Christmas was over and the Plaza Hotel no longer offered special seasonal parties in the Victorian Room. The people who ask you for money on Fifth Avenue had shed their Santa outfits and had gone back to basic wino, and they no longer rang bells as they asked you for money, they just asked you for money. The subway platform at 42nd Street was always full of people, some of whom carried bags and looked very disoriented. The Mineshaft was doing a booming business, although the fagots who were really faggots never showed up until at least past four a.m.

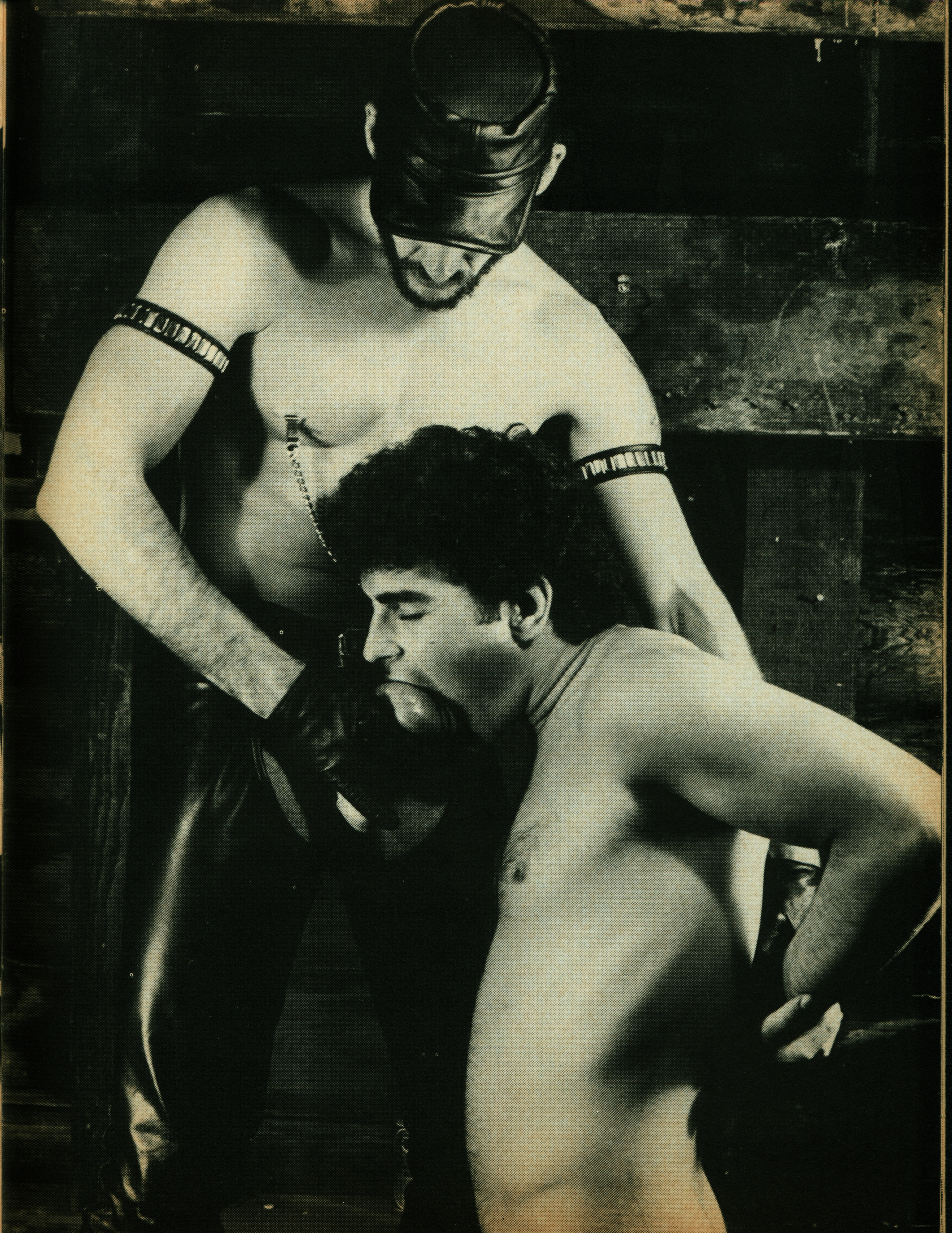
No one in New York believes in love. Ten million people who do not believe in love. Even the Puerto Rican faggots do not believe in love, preferring to dance in the street with oversized radios blasting whatever it is oversized radios blast. We live. We breathe. We fuck. We die. Sometimes we make it to Orlando. They'll hold you in Orlando if you need them to. They do not own the sun in Orlando.



ON YER KNEES!

Start on your knees, boy. Naked, with your face in my crotch. Right where you belong. Hands behind you back! Now get a good taste of your Master—take those balls in your mouth... feel that cock on your tongue, kiss it... lick that smooth black leather. Now work your way down. All the way down! Right down there where you belong, on your hands and knees. Good boy...

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JIM WIGLER



LUST WITH A VENGENCE

Photo by Jim Wigler

by Rick Campbell

Hudson Bremmer leaned back from the map on the selection board in front of him. It had been a long night. His eyes were tired. On the screen was a floorplan of the Museum of Man. He wanted to review the primative sculpture section before he headed home; but his mind was going out of control. He couldn't discipline himself to work any longer. He needed a fast break.

Outside on the gravel courtyard the love of his life was sitting in the driveway. A 1934 Mercedes Benz convertible represented to Bremmer the partial success of his dream. Inside that car, he always felt like a million dollar baby no matter what disappointment he had experienced before climbing in.

He turned the elegant machine toward the gates and cruised out onto the empty boulevard. Accelerating the engine, he could hear the smooth purring in his ears like the clean growling of a hungry cat ready to pounce. Bremmer headed west. He wanted to feel the ocean spray and speed along that dramatic coastline before the cops and tour buses took over the road.

Laying his head back on the leather headrest, Bremmer let the wind stream through his hair; Ingrid was determined his hair would be long, so that it would wave and be full of curls and tufts. Bremmer could smell something special in the air. It would be a warm morning in a few hours.

He sat up straight and peered into the rear-view mirror. Behind the last curve, Bremmer thought he had seen the lights of a motorcycle cruising almost out of sight behind him. Seeing his own reflection in the mirror, Bremmer noticed once again the blueness of his eyes: steel blue, bedroom blue, sky blue. He closed them for a moment and then gazed out at sea. The black waves matched his mood.

For days, maybe weeks, Bremmer's mind had been filled with ancient memories. Even at the gym in the middle of declines, his mind would wander back to other, simpler times. He remembered West Texas. Days and night there had been somehow different than now. Bremmer remembered a special crush, a hot burning pain, and his eyes began to feel heavy and wet in the corners.

Bremmer had never doubted his manliness. Even though he always broke away from the norm, from the average, from the mundane. Nothing ever caused him to doubt himself. Bremmer knew he was a fighter, a resister, a believer, a knockout. he trusted better days had to be ahead. This was just a lull, a natural sense of being bored with the predictability and patterns and trends.

Why couldn't he love blindly the way he once had? What had changed? Why couldn't he let himself take a chance? Does something drop away each time you fall in love until you just can't fall in love anymore? Had he lost a certain kind of courage?

Bremmer took a deep breath and tightened the muscles in his thighs, pressing his arms into his sides, feeling the strength in his body, each muscle toned and firm and growing stronger. Not everything was bad. He was healthier than any 32 year old man he knew and he looked a damn sight better than most. He still possessed a certain classic appeal that opened doors and captured attention whenever he needed the assistance. What was missing?

Again Bremmer caught a glimpse just behind him of someone on a motorcycle. Why was he being followed? At the speeds Bremmer was moving, a man would have to feel a sense of tension on the back of a motorcycle. Then, Bremmer realized, it had to be a cop following just out of sight and tracking the distance Bremmer had been traveling at this speed. Bremmer eased his foot off the accelerator and let the cop charge into sight. He recognized the uniform right away.

Officer Steve Graham had spotted this classic Mercedes on the road before. He had noticed the driver too. Cocky, elegant pissant. Graham hated rich cats who came down out of their high places to touch base with the ocean like it was their own private property. Only men who lived next to the sea and matched its violence with their own could hope to understand the way Graham felt its power.

Graham figured this speed demon in the fancy car imagined himself some kind of lover of the sea. But he knew no dandy in a car like that one could even begin to feel what the sea was really about. Testing the limits of speed and breathing the magic of the sea air is one thing; but staying far away from the reality is a sign of fear of the uncertain.

Graham drove up beside the open car and looked over at Hudson Bremmer. Bremmer gave the cop the kind of look he used to give his dad when he knew he deserved the butt beating he was about to receive: belligerent but resigned. Then for some reason, the cop pulled past and Bremmer moved up the highway.

The cop blinked his eyes and looked down the road. He increased his speed. That young guy looked familiar. Like a face out of the past, it seemed to be someone he remembered from somewhere.

Graham took his mind back to another time, when he was a roaring young teenage football jock. Nothing since had ever matched those days. Quarterback flash! Steve knew he had been the kind of teenage idol every school girl dreamed of wrapping her legs around. He was the quarterback two years in a row and nobody around could claim something like that.

He was Mr. Popularity. Mr. Wonderful. Mr. Sexy. Mr. Toughguy. He was still looking for that feeling again. Steve looked down at the powerful cycle between his legs. He listened to the mighty roar of the pipes, hot and flashing. He followed the yellow stripe on the side of his trousers down to where it disappeared into the tall black bootleather on his feet. He flexed the tight abdominal muscles that set him apart from other men on the force. He was as tough as ever and twice as mean. Looking behind him he saw the hotcat in the convertible still cruising smoothly just in sight behind him.

"Fucking homo," Steve thought to himself.

Who else would be driving a car like that at this time of the morning? Wierdo romantic homos and suicidal alcoholic princesses came out to do this drive and Steve had filled himself with hatred for the whole fucking bunch.

Steve was tired. Tired of his ex-wife and her never-ending nagging about the way he chose to live his life, resentful of the anger she was able to express. It contrasted badly with his unwillingness to show her how he felt.

Who was that guy in the car? Steve thought back to high school. There had been a sharp little guy in those days who hung around with the cheerleaders, standing outside the locker rooms after the games, applauding the guys over their victories and slapping them on the back when consolation was the only reward for defeat. That's who the hotcat looked like. He reminded Steve of Hut Bremmer.

Hut and Steve had known each other through the boy scouts and from school. Steve was always twice the size of Hut, but Hut was twice as smart. Steve taught Hut how to work out, work up a sweat, and defend himself. Hut always wrote up research papers to make grades come a little easier for the football boys. Too bad their friendship had to end so badly. Steve slowed his cycle and pulled to the shoulder of the road.

As the Mercedes flew past him, Steve turned on his red lights and siren and quickly moved just off the left running board of the car. He signaled the driver to pull over. Before the big engines had silenced, Steve was popping his kickstands into place. He reached for his pad and strode forcefully toward the speedfreak behind the wheel of this fancy uptown convertible.

He turned slowly and looked down on the guy sitting behind the wheel. Steve pushed his hat back and looked right into the other guy's eyes. Hudson Bremmer recognized the cop immediately. Nothing had changed, unless he had somehow gotten larger, gained mass, turned more rock-solid than ever.

Chewing on the gum he kept tucked behind his front teeth, Steve looked down the road, then turned to look at the guy.

"Hut Bremmer? You Hut Bremmer or just some L.A. sissy down here on the highway pretending to be Carroll Baker?"

"Graham, the minute you stopped your cycle behind me... What are you doing on the West Coast? Where's Ella? Is Ella living out here with you? I can't believe it."

Steve unbuttoned the top button on his uniform and spit out the gum he was chewing.

"Look Bremmer, I haven't got a lot of time for talking to pretty girls. You were speeding and you look stoned as hell. What are you doing driving a car like this? D'ya steal it or what?"

Hudson looked down at the wheel of his car and locked the muscles in his jaw.

"As a matter of fact, pal, I paid for it. Probably for the cycle you're riding as well. Why are you taking up my time with a lot of stupid questions like this?"

Steve Graham could not believe he had this little punk in his grip at last. He started thinking fast. The cords in his neck flexed and he leaned over the car door so he could look right in Hut Bremmer's face.

"Listen Bremmer, I'm real sorry. You see, I ought to be writing you a ticket right now because you're breaking the law. And you're probably running a damn good chance of breaking your neck and your pretty little car as well. I have to tell you, it just isn't safe to be driving high speed on this road. Besides, you've been smoking enough marijuana to numb an elephant.

"Now I have a suggestion. Just up the road a piece there's a gas station and a house trailer where a little blind guy sells coffee. You head up there and take a rest stop just for your health. You look like you need it."

The officer turned on his bootheel and headed back to the cycle. Before he got the engine roaring again, Bremmer's big car kicked gravel and sand into the air, zooming off down the highway toward the coffee shop.

By the time Steve got within sight of the trailer, he could see that Bremmer had left his car and was probably inside cooling down. He breezed past the spot, rounded the next corner and headed up the highway.

Then his anger really began to rise. He couldn't shake the thoughts in his mind.

He couldn't believe he was so nearly in physical contact with Hut Bremmer. He bit his moustache and stared into the morning darkness. Then he suddenly stuck out his left foot and coasted into a slow turn.

Steve Graham stopped deadstill on the dark highway. He looked back down the road. On the cliffside at the back of the cove he could still make out the lights of the little coffee house. Looking out at the sea, he could tell the sunrise was not long away. Officer Graham looked at his watch. Straddling his cycle, he lurched forward into the dim light.

When Bremmer finished his coffee he stretched and let his head fall back, lifting his shoulders and squeezing his crotch. His ass seemed to twitch. He couldn't remember why he hadn't been in the mood lately. What the hell. Life couldn't be everything he dreamed. He paid his tab and headed toward the glass door.

On the blacktop outside, Bremmer thought he heard a footstep. He stopped and looked back at the trailer and then out to sea. He took a deep breath and stepped toward the car at the side of the trailer. He heard a rustle not unlike the wind, and looked off into the hills and pastures around the coffee shop. He kept moving.

He came even with the corner of the trailer. The powerful fist struck his face with a mean fury. Bremmer fell sideways toward the hood of the car and spun around to see what had hit him. His lip tasted hot and sticky. He knew he was bleeding.

In the darkness, he could just make out the massive form of a big man. At first he didn't believe what he thought he was seeing. The blue sleeves had been rolled up above the elbows and the shirt was almost totally open. Steve Graham had his fists up and was standing in a crouch, looking ready to spring on him again at the slightest provocation.

Bremmer tested the situation. He could lunge for the big freak. He could make a run for the car door. He could try to talk the guy out of whipping his ass. He didn't have to ask what it was all about.

"Okay, look big man. I took it like a man's supposed to. Feelin' satisfied now? Wanna crush up the rest of my face? Wanna pound on my head and make yourself feel real super stud, super stud? You can't get away with this shit..."

Bremmer felt the hot palm of Graham's hand again as the cop slapped him flatly across the mouth. The cop lunged at him, turning him face down on the fender.

"You faggot pussyhole. You deserve to have your teeth knocked out...right here. Maybe then you'll learn to suck cock right. You queers make me piss in my boots. Who invented you guys anyway, some staff sergeant with a sick sense of humor?"

Bremmer pulled himself together and tried to stand up straight. He wanted to look as tall as he could manage. Staring his old school buddy right in the eye, Bremmer began to edge toward the door of the car. He didn't get the door open before he felt the rush of heavyweight moving in on him.

He felt the cop's big hand shove his head down toward the running board. He felt the guy grab his shoulders and slide his hands quickly down his arms to his wrists, then his wrists crossed tightly in back and the cold steel of handcuffs snapping into place. Bremmer felt the stinging slap of belt leather across his back. It fell hard again and again on his ass and the back of his legs, stinging, burning into him hotly.

He tried to push the cop away from him with his back, arching up on his toes, and then shoving his hips back into the guy's groin hoping to steel a moment's advantage.

The cop spun him around and plowed a heavy fist right into his gut. Bremmer went over like a bean bag, gagging for air, trying to yell. Before he could get out a sound, the cop circled the back of his head with both hands and pulled Bremmer's face down between his thick legs. Bremmer fell to his knees and felt the scratch of starched fabric against his face. He could smell the familiar sexsmell of the man standing over him as he got shoved deeper and deeper into the cop's crotch.

"Stupid homofaggot," Graham whispered, "You hate sucking cock, don't you? Think you're too fine to swallow come, huh faggot? Can't take a dick up your butthole, can you queer? Just want to kiss boys, right sissy? Just want to be romantic with Mr. Rightguy, don't you babydoll?"

The cop pushed Bremmer back from his fly and stuck his thumb hard between his teeth. He pushed down on his jaw, determined to make him gag.

"Well here's something you can't resist. I'm gonna make you take my come. I'm gonna show you what a faggot's supposed to be good at."

The young cop reached up with his left hand and ripped open his fly. Clean white boxers showed in the faint light. Bremmer could see the outline of a massive dick he had almost forgotten existed. He could see it flexing, throbbing, hardening beneath white cotton.

Bremmer couldn't figure out what was causing all of this to happen. Then carefully, slowly, Steve pulled at the elastic waistband of his boxers, stretching the fabric away from his dick and the mushroom crown of his cock began to appear. The slit was boiling with clear liquid. Bremmer watched as the massive mandick made its way out of the tight binding. He could see the blood pumping into the shaft.

The cop took his right hand and reached down into his pants, lifting out two big softballs. He bounced them gently in his palm. Bremmer couldn't believe the size of everything in front of him. Huge dick, huge man; he didn't remember Steve Graham being so huge.

Eleven inches flashed in Bremmer's mind as he felt the cop's grip on the back of his head, pulling him down onto his naked dick. With his other hand, Steve touched the tip of his big dick against Bremmer's lips. A long, silver string of fuck juice glistened in the lamplight, binding Bremmer's bloody lip to the head of the cop dick. Graham pried Bremmer's mouth open and guided his dick deeper and deeper into Bremmer's throat. Bremmer started to gag and then stopped himself. He tried to pull back from the cop's dick, from the smell of the cop's crotch.

Then his old buddy began an assault that Bremmer couldn't believe. Again and again the big dick was forced down his throat, forcing spit to drip down the sides of Bremmer's mouth. The heavy balls pounded, swinging again and again against Bremmer's chin. The pubic hair crashed into his nostrils again and again and again. The big dickhead flared across the back of his tongue, against the top of his throat, blocking his air. He couldn't believe the width of Graham's cock. The cop kept ramming it into his mouth. His lips could hardly circle it. He tasted hot juice in his mouth.

He knew that Steve was within seconds of shooting hot come down his throat. He resisted again and again, trying to turn his head away. Dignity mattered to Bremmer, even now. He wouldn't allow some dumbass cop to force him into anything, no matter what had happened.

Shoving his whole weight against the cop's body, Bremmer made it to his feet. The cock slipped from his throat. Just as Steve's legs gave, caught in the crumple of pants around his ankles, Bremmer stepped back and started to shout.

"I'm not sure who the homo is here, Steve, but you won't get to finish this time either. There's no way I'm taking a load off anybody I haven't said yes to...nobody, nobody ever."

Bremmer turned and ran toward the highway, hoping to see lights along the coastline. He turned into the lane, racing as fast as he could down the middle of the road. He watched for shrubbery or a pathway into the dunes, anything. Behind him he could hear the clamor of heavy boots on the blacktop. He knew he couldn't outrun the cop with his hands locked behind him. He had to find a place to hide.

Tumbling over the soft shoulder, Hut ran for the darkness. He stumbled and fell, got up and ran toward a patch of ground cover. He came to the top of a dimly lit dune and looked down at the crashing sea. Then he turned at just the moment Graham's massive body slammed into him with a tackle so powerful Bremmer couldn't believe the cop still had it in him.

The two men tumbled dangerously down the slope of the dunes, twisting, spinning, sliding across the sand, falling toward the beach. At the foot of the slope, Bremmer tossed his head back and spit sand at the cop's face.

"It's your fault, Hudson," Steve shouted against the noise of the sea. "It's your fucking fault Ella left me. You thought you were better than me, You fuck up! You fucked me up. Fucked up my mind and my body and made me dream about your tight little buns, you fucking little asshole with your hot faggot face. You think you're so perfect, so above the whole damn world."

Bremmer looked stunned and fell back into the sand as Graham shoved hard against him. The cop pushed Bremmer's face into the sand. He jammed his boot into the middle of Bremmer's back, crushing his rib cage, making it impossible to breathe. Bremmer struggled against the handcuffs.

Then the cop pulled away. Bremmer tried to stand up on his knees and raised his head and finally came to his feet when he felt the waistband of his slacks tear away from his hips. he couldn't see how this smartass cop could be so fucking strong. he felt the cop's teeth bite into the muscles of his ass. Bremmer yelled into the night and tried to knock the cop's head away from his hip. He turned to face the assailant, but before he could get a word out he felt the smashing blow against the side of his head and the sky went totally black.

When Bremmer came to, he was inside some kind of wooden storage shed. He couldn't tell where. He was flat on his back on the floor. His head was resting against a motorcycle laid down on its left side. His hands were tied to the fenders of each wheel. He looked down and saw that he was completely naked.

His feet were spread wide apart, ropes tied around each ankle, ropes stretching into darkness. Bremmer blinked and then closed his eyes and laid his head back. In the corner, Graham was sitting on a drum barrel. Bremmer started to yell something and then realized he was gagged and couldn't speak. He strained aganst the ropes and took in a big breath to try to yell as loudly as he could.

Steve laughed and walked into the half-light. Bremmer could see that the guy was dressed in nothing but a Sam Brown and a pair of high top cop boots. a big flashlight and a night stick were crammed down between the waist belt and the cop's body.

Steve laughed again, a soft, quiet, crazy kind of laugh. Hut looked around to see what was in the tiny room that might help him break free.

Slowly, very slowly, the cop moved toward Bremmer's bound body. He stepped over, one boot on each side of Bremmer's rib cage. He looked down on his prisoner. He could piss on the guy's face. He could make him suck dick until he was bug-eyed. He could knock him around, spit on him, make him lick asshole. The cop could do anything he damned well pleased and nobody could stop him.

Graham turned and reached down the length of Bremmer's body toward one of the ropes at his ankle. Bremmer raised his head. Four inches in front of him was the tight butthole and hard ass muscles of someone he had once dreamed of seeing naked. In another time, Bremmer would have given his best eight-track to feel this guy's body pressing against his own. Graham untied one of Bremmer's ankles and held the rope in his hand.

Bremmer would never feel anything again for anyone with a head as screwed up as this guy's. This guy was more confused than someone half his age, and the way he looked now he was probably crazy as well. Bremmer shuddered and shook his head, pulling at the ropes.

The cop's naked shoulders began to tighten as he pulled slowly up on the rope, fist over fist, pulling Bremmer's leg into the air. He pulled until he had Bremmer's ankle in his hand. Then he stepped over Bremmer's head and tied the rope to a hook on one of the wall studs. Bremmer felt his asshole tighten as he realized the cop's plan. Then the other leg was raised and tied over his head and he sensed his helplessness.

Bremmer looked at the heavy man, his muscled torso framed between the muscles of Bremmer's stocky legs. Both of them had stiff dicks, not really hard but firm and full. Bremmer tried to close off his asshole; he pulled it tight. Bremmer clamped his teeth tightly against the fabric. He couldn't speak. His eyes were locked on the other man's eyes. If he could hold this fucker's gaze long enough he knew nothing would happen. Nobody could look Hut Bremmer in the eye and make him do anything.

Bremmer froze as the cop kept his gaze locked while reaching to run his finger along the length of his nightstick. Bremmer wouldn't look. He wouldn't watch this show of force. He wouldn't show he was afraid. No one would know what he felt.

Like a battle sword, the cop tugged evenly at the handle of the long black stick. Bremmer counted as the stick slid out from the binding of the belt around the cop's waist. It could kill him if that cop tried to fuck him with that nightstick!

He closed his eyes and turned his head away as he felt one of the cold steel clips snap down on his right nipple. He would have yelled if he hadn't been gagged. Then the left nipple fired with the same pain and his chest seemed to swell with the air in his lungs as he held his breath. Something was pulling on both clips. Bemmer opened his eyes and saw the thin rope stretching away from his bound body meeting high over his head, then falling over the beam above him and back down to the cop's fist.

The cop grinned at him and pulled on the cord. Bremmer's nipples burned like they were tearing away from his body. He tried to scream; but only his flashing teeth made made it clear to the cop that he was hurting. He opened his eyes and watched the cop tie the cord to the wall behind him. Bremmer wasn't sure how much of this he could take.

The cop turned to face him and Bremmer noticed the leather straps wrapped neatly around each wrist. Carefully, he began to unwrap one of the straps. In this position, Bremmer knew the guy couldn't beat his ass, not with soft leather like that.

The cop knelt down between Bremmer's legs and lifted both balls away from his body. Neatly he wrapped the straps around the base of Bremmer's dick. The leather seemed to press all the blood toward the head, everything seemed to swell and stiffen. The leather continued to wrap around his dick, then around his balls, pressing them into a stiff shaft of pain and pressure. The straps turned again up his dickshaft, wrapping neatly, tightly around it. The cop tucked the end of the strap into the bindings just under the bursting head of Bremmer's now enormous dick.

The other strap was unwrapped and the cop used it to bind his own dick until it stretched and lengthened and swelled into something inhuman, gigantic, something that couldn't feel, or soften, or be resisted.

The cop pressed his huge man-dick against Bremmer's tight sphincter. Bremmer held it as tightly as he could, but he couldn't move. He began to shake his head and he wanted to yell out. Then the searing pain hit him worse than any of the blows from the cop's fist. The powerful dick seemed to invade every part of Bremmer's body. His legs shook with convulsive energy. He arched his hips and tried to push the dick out of his body, but it came crashing into him, inch after inch, sliding deeply inside. Bremmer raised his head and looked down the ripples of his body as the last thick inches of leather-bound dick disappeared into his searing asshole.

He rocked his head from side to side and tried to spit the gag out of his mouth. The cop's dick pressed deeper and deeper into him. Bremmer let out his breath in absolute resignation. He couldn't take the effort of resisting anymore. It was hopeless. He turned his face to the wall as he felt the cop's dick slamming into his asshole, knocking his breath out again and again. The cop's balls slapped loudly against his butt. He felt the dick throbbing, shifting, and thrusting deeply inside him. He wanted to yell but all he could do was take it.

Again and again the cop plowed his dick into Bremmer's butthole. The cop reached up and jerked hard on the rope tied to Bremmer's nipples. He leaned over, chewing on Bremmer's neck and his shoulder. Bremmer couldn't figure out what was going on in this guy's mind. He seemed to be on the edge of something more than an orgasm.

Steve leaned back on his knees and looked into Bremmer's face. "How does it feel, Hut Bremmer? My dick is jammed up your asshole. Is it enough for you or would you rather have my fist? Want my fist up your butt, butthole? How 'bout my nightstick...or my flashlight? Nothing's enough for you homos, is it, Bremmer? You got to have everything, don't you? Big dicks, big bucks, big cars, big times. You just gotta be homos, don't you pretty boy? Well you can just take my big dick." The cop thrust hard into Bremmer's soft asshole, causing the tit clamps to bite into his tender nipples.

He disappeared into the ozone for a while, moving methodically in and out of Bremmer. Every four or five beats he slammed a hard one deep inside his captive. Bremmer felt his own dick thickening with lust. His head seemed to be fogged with the sensation. Where was Steve Graham coming from on this crazy rape scene? What the hell is a straight cop doing fucking some guy he can't stand anyway?

"Ella don't want it no more, baby-cakes. She knows what's on my mind when I'm fucking her. Well, here it is, homo. Here's cop dick. It may not feel good to her but it's gotta feel good to you!"

Bremmer closed his eyes and pushed out against the cop's dick. He took it in a little easier, let it go in a little deeper. He was afraid to open his eyes, afraid to look at what this guy was going through.

Bremmer couldn't imagine a more incredible way to come out of the closet. At least for him, it had all been more or less academic. It didn't take a lot of intelligence to realize society didn't know all the answers. Hell, nobody knows all of the fucking answers. He let the cop fuck him hard and fast and deep. He took in his dick with all the manlove he could show with just one muscle free to move.

Then he opened his eyes and saw the cop's face. He felt the dick inside him swell up suddenly and his whole body shivered. He watched wide-eyed as the big muscles in the cop's chest swelled to an enormous dimension. His breath stopped as the cop leaned his head back and opened his mouth yelling something wild and crazy into the night sky.

Bremmer was astounded by how loudly Steve Graham screamed as his come spurted deeply into Bremmer's burning body, his dick spouting and dribbling load after steaming load of hot sperm inside of his asshole. Bremmer's asshole felt so full he thought he would burst, shooting all that come back against Steve's tight body.

Graham screamed again. It was the scream of a man filled with revenge and pain and fear. Bremmer's body seemed to lock as he felt another heavy load of semen shooting into his butt, the dick pounding into him again and again.

Then, without control, Bremmer's head fell back against the cycle seat. He heard himself yelling, even through the gag. He lifted his head again as a thick stream of white come trailed through the air and splattered against the leather beside his ear.

Bremmer arched his back and looked down at the bound head of his dick. Beyond, he could see the leather thickness of Graham's dick still pounding into his stretched asshole. Again the come shot out from the slit on the engorged head of his dick. Cream dripped heavily down Bremmer's face, across the side of his nose, and down his cheek, soaking the fabric of the gag. The final powerful thrusts of Graham's hips shoved come deeper and deeper into Bremmer's aching ass.

Steve laid his head on Bremmer's chest and began to mumble things Bremmer couldn't understand. He felt a wave of nausea over his whole body.

What can you say to a guy who acts like he's been in love with you for fifteen years and never had the courage to look up your number? Bremmer shook his head, let out a breath of air and looked at his bound ankles and hands. There had to be a way to settle things with this heavy cop, some way to keep the guy from thinking he had to do anything more to restore his shaken pride. Bremmer felt a little afraid; and Bremmer was rarely afraid of anything.

He decided not to try to speak until he could see where things were going. He waited. Let the guy have all the time in the world to get his head back in order. The cop still rested on Bremmer's chest.

Finally, the exhausted cop stood up again. He walked over to his uniform and reached into a pocket. When he turned around, Bremmer's breath locked inside his chest at the sight of a long, flashing silver knife.

No way, thought Bremmer, big tears of fear coming to his eyes, *no way is this guy going to cut me up!*

Just as Bremmer was beginning to struggle, the cop reached across and sliced the rope holding his leg. Then he cut the other leg free. And Bremmer began to relax again.

When they were dressed, Steve took Hut by the shoulders and turned him around so they were face to face.

"Look Hut, I ought to kill you. You don't have the right to exist and be happy when I've gone through hell because of what you are. It isn't right. It isn't fair."

Hut reached out to touch Steve's face. He stroked the cop's lower lip with his thumb. He leaned up and kissed the cop quietly on the lips, letting his tongue brush against the softness he felt inside.

He let his fingertips find their own way down the massive torso, lower, around to the tight smallness of the cop's massive back, across the roundness of hardworking buns, and along the sides of powerful thighs. Reaching up again over the tall shoulders, Bremmer locked his fingers together behind his old buddy's head. He held Steve in a tight embrace, letting all of the love he could feel flow into the other man's eyes. He could see something different now. Sadness, embarrassment, maybe love.

Bremmer hesitated. He chewed on the inside of his lip with his front teeth, thinking carefully for one long moment.

"Come home with me, Steve," Bremmer said flatly. "Forget about working for a while. I have a pool at the house. You need a break from everything you've been seeing and thinking. I care about you. You've always been something very special . . . and baby, you can fuck me like that again anytime you decide I'm good enough for you. That's all I care about, Steve. A man has got a right to feel he's as good as every other man. Don't you understand yet that it doesn't matter how you love, as long as you *know* how to love? When you're with someone you love, you can take everything he can give and it won't really hurt you at all."

Bremmer moved toward the door of the shed. Then he looked back over his shoulder at Steve. He saw a man in a cop's uniform. A man with a body built with pride. A man who understood now that he was as much a man as he could ever be, no matter who he wanted to kiss, or hold, or come to.

A long beige Mercedes convertible turned out of the coffee shop parking lot and onto the coastal highway. The sunlight reflected off the waves and sand and the shiny silver emblem on the hood of the car. In the rear-view mirror, Hudson Bremmer could just barely make out the image of a cop following behind him, almost out of sight like a shy boy he had once known back in Texas. Inside his pants, he could feel a resurging strength and something he hadn't felt in quite the same way for quite a long time.

Bremmer wondered, for just a moment before he turned his attention to the road, if Steve had any idea what it felt like to have someone who loves him as much as he loved him, inside, between his legs, holding him, fucking him, making him feel like more of a man than most men could ever understand.

Then he realized he had a whole day in front of him. A new day. And every day everything changed and he was ready to change with it. Ready at last for something special. Ready for love with a vengeance. □

Letter from the Slave Master

forwarded by T.R.WITOMSKI

Since I last wrote, William and I have traveled extensively on a slave buying trip. Now that we have returned to the ranch (or as we call it, the station) here in Australia, I can reflect on some of the interesting and curious adventures that we experieinced during our travels.

Before we went on our trip, Severin had sent us two unusual masks which William and I were to wear when we attended a convocation at Severin's chateau, located just outside Amsterdam. These masks were at once both very stylized and highly realistic. I was to wear the mask of a lion, and William was to wear the mask of an owl.

All the guests at Severin's gathering were similarly masked. But since the masks were so extraordinarily well made, we were all able to talk and drink and eat comfortably. After the initial shock of seeing what appeared to be a gathering of tigers, gorillas, lizards, roosters, horses, and many other creatures had worn off, the bizarre vision that surrounded me seemed quite normal. The conversation, however, centered all the time on Severin's reasons for hosting such an eccentric party.

At midnight, Severin made his entrance. Though he wore the mask of a goat, the tall, imposing figure who descended the staircase accompanied by two masked slaves could be only one man: the mysterious Severin who, it was said, was in league with the demons of Hell.

After circulating among his guests for a brief period, Severin walked over to the blazing fireplace. Above the mantle was a large painting, "The Devil Master's Sabbat," a canvas painted in the seventeenth century depicting a frenzied orgy and dominated by the figure of a goat-faced man.

As if compelled by an outside force to do so, the eyes of all the guests turned toward Severin. All conversation stopped as we marveled that Severin had **become** the figure in the painting.

"Friends," Severin said, "thank you for coming here tonight. I promised you something spectacular. And indeed you shall see something you have never seen before. You shall see my rebirth. For tonight, I return to **my** Master."

With these strange words (Severin, the Master of Masters speaking of his Master!) flames leapt up from the fireplace and surrounded Severin. The guests who attempted to rush toward the burning man found that they were unable to move; they were as if frozen in their places. Within a few seconds, Severin's figure was ablaze, framed by a halo of white, flickering fire that burned brilliantly. It appeared that Severin was consumed entirely; when the flames died down, not even ashes were left.

For several long minutes after-

Illustration by BILL WARD

wards, the guests were unable to speak. But then the whispers began, growing in intensity until everyone assembled was speaking at once.

"He's returned to Hell. As he said he would do someday."

"It's all a trick. He'll return as dramatically as he left."

"Severin always believed he was the demon Nireves, sent to earth to avenge the death of the painter of that picture."

"Impossible, utterly impossible. He must have drugged us."

"He always said that everyone had a Master. I should have known that his Master would turn out to be the Devil himself."

"Cheap vaudeville. Not at all what I would have expected from Severin."

Whatever had happened, Severin did not reappear. By dawn, most of the guests had left. William and I were shown to our rooms where we slept fitfully, both of us wondering about the fate of Severin.

•••

When William and I left Amsterdam, we went to London to interview several slaves, none of whom were found acceptable. After many years in this business, I have established certain rather rigid standards for my slaves. Since I have based my reputation on providing only the very finest slaves, I cannot afford to deal with inferior products. My clients have come to expect the best from me, and I will have nothing to do with these so-called slaves who believe their condition is a two-hour Saturday night deal. My slaves are slaves for life.

While in London, I received a copy of **Mach 6**, which I found most interesting. I was particularly intrigued by "My Life As A Dog," a most extraordinary document.

Though I myself have occasionally trained a dog-slave upon the request of one of my better customers, I do not specialize in this area. It is difficult enough to find humans who understand that their destiny compels them to be human slaves. It is almost impossible to find someone who is willing to abrogate his humanity and become an animal. Personally, I believe it is more important for a slave to acknowledge his slavery than to pretend he's not human—and thereby **de facto** subject to whatever his Master deems necessary. My slaves are people who freely acknowledge me to be their Master. Choosing to become an animal is, in a way, the easy way out in coming to terms with servitude.

Nevertheless, I was fascinated by Kai's story and I attempted to contact him. (Note to readers: as I have stated before, slaves should never attempt to contact **me**. Though I receive many letters from would-be slaves, most of these are from such obvious failures that they don't merit my attention. If you have what it takes to be one of my slaves, **I'll** contact **you**.) But subsequently I learned that Kai had found a new owner, who has assured me that he finds Kai "a unique prized one-of-a-kind animal." I hope that Kai's new owner treats him better than did his previous Master. Though slaves, of course, need to be disciplined—sometimes severely—Masters must remember that slaves, being property, are not to be so ruthlessly abused that their value is lessened. No one could ever accuse me of being lenient with my slaves, but my discipline is always directed toward improving the slave, not damaging him.

•••

William and I were pleased to find several slaves in New York. One slave we met by happenstance at the Mineshaft. He was part of a demonstration. As his cock and balls were nailed to a board, this slave let out not a whimper. Fortunately for me, this slave's Master proved open to selling him. I bought him right on the spot. With further training, he shall fetch a very nice price at the next auction.

After a week in New York, William and I spent two weeks traveling throughout the country "interviewing." Especial in the United States, I find that the best slaves are to be found in the smaller towns rather than in the big cities. I couldn't find one good slave in Los Angeles, for example, but I did find suitable slaves in Casper, Wyoming; Athens, Georgia; and Toms River, New Jersey. Perhaps isolation from the centers of SM activity helps develop the proper servile attitude.

•••

Though Mam'selle Victoire had been at Severin's convocation, I did not have the opportunity to speak much with her after Severin's stunning exit. So when we met in San Francisco I was interested in hearing her opinion.

Curiously, Mam'selle, normally so expressive, was remarkably silent on this matter, at first saying only, "Some maintain it was merely a carnival sideshow attraction; others that he has gone to the Devil. I myself have no opinion. Severin did what he did." But finally Mam'selle showed me a card she had recently received:

Theatre des Vampires
Paris

And on the back was scrawled "Severin/Nireves."

The writing on the back," Mam'selle added, "is blood."

"Then you have had recent contact with Severin."

"No. Yes. I don't know. Several of my slaves had become very weak. When I questioned one, he reported seeing a vision the previous night. A vision of Severin."

"A vision? Come now, Victoire. First, the business of Severin being a demon, then his fiery goodbye—his 'rebirth'—and now your slaves are seeing visions."

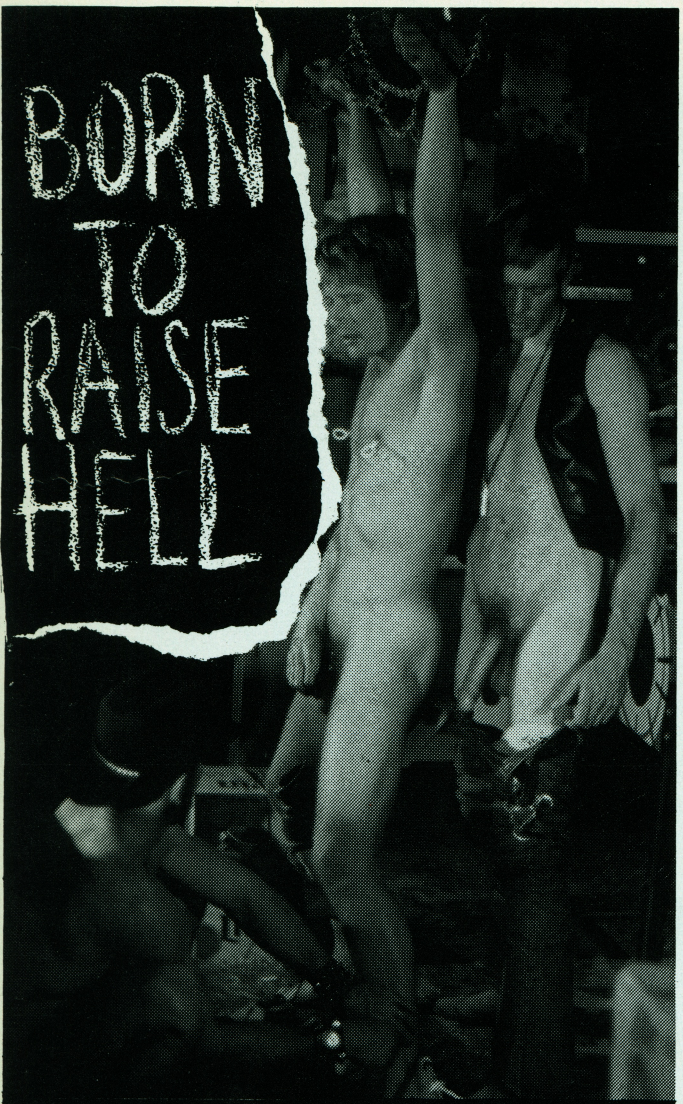
"A messenger delivered the card the next night. After the slave had died. Steven, the slave died from loss of blood."

•••

After our extensive travels, it was good to return to the ranch. I had purchased twenty-seven slaves; adding these to the ones I was already training, I will have forty-four slaves available at the next auction.

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU!

photo: Jim Moss



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